RECORDS OF 1970 DAVID HAMILTON

THE
NATION

DECEMBER 7, 1970 35 cents

UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
DEC 2 - 1970
EAST ORANGE, N. J. 07019

61040 N J ORANGE EAST
LIBRARY
UPSALA COLLEGE PL-36355
10-71R AG

Justice in a Torn Nation
A Talk with Ramsey Clark
Robert Sherrill

The Stylish 'Heads'
TURNING ON IN SOCIETY
Maitland Zane

Politics of Dead Center
THE ARTIFICIAL MAJORITY
Theodore J. Lowi

The Word Is Technetronic
Peter Steinfels on Zbigniew Brzezinski

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

cornerstone of anarchism

White Plains, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: In his otherwise perceptive review of my book, *Radical Libertarianism* [*The Nation,* Nov. 16], and of the anarchist tradition in general, Kingsley Widmer criticizes me for failing to understand the coercive nature of certain private institutions, particularly large business corporations. So, according to Mr. Widmer, I would replace the "Leviathan [state] with a school of killer whales" in the form of unregulated, competing commercial firms.

Just to set the record straight, I certainly have nothing against Mr. Widmer's personal vision of an anarcho-syndicalist society in which basic institutions such as industry, schools and housing are managed and controlled from the bottom. . . . But the question which Mr. Widmer, as an anarchist, must ask himself is this: how would he insure that an anarchist society would result in his own view of the millennium? By decree from some revolutionary tribunal? If so, it is at this point precisely that Widmer's dream ceases to be anarchism and becomes instead his personal brand of "doctrinaire libertarianism."

The cornerstone of anarchism is *voluntarism.* . . . An anarchist does not impose his preferences on the rest.

Jerome Tuccille

whose responsibility?

Marina del Rey, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: You find it disquieting that the Ohio Grand Jury indicted the persons responsible for the Kent State riots [editorial, "Whose Law? Whose Order?" *The Nation,* Nov. 2].

I cannot follow your reasoning. Honestly, if in the course of mob violence deaths occur, must we blame those who tried to stop the riot or those who planned, started and attended it? *Thomas Henry Buehler*

We are not alone in our feeling that the Kent jury indicted the wrong group. The FBI, in its belatedly released report, indicates that the Guardsmen were not justified in firing their weapons. *The Editors*

dance

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Miss Goldner's dance column is an excellent addition to your magazine. It should appear more frequently. *Richard Schiller*

festival of work

Woodmere, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: In his "Communes and the Work Crisis" [*The Nation,* Nov. 9] Lewis M. Andrews has managed to avoid, confuse and obfuscate the whole problem of work in modern society, while ridiculing many of those who, however haltingly, are trying to approach it.

The so-called "myths" Mr. Andrews reproaches the young for holding are in fact quite reasonable hypotheses about the possibilities that are now inherent in the work process as a result of changes in technology and education. Many social experiments in industry demonstrate that it is not at all farfetched to expect work to be continuously delightful, both an individual calling and a collective festival, where personal gain is not a primary consideration. Mr. Andrews seems to have no knowledge of this literature, or even of such an essentially conservative book as Douglas McGregor's *Human Side of Enterprise,* now required reading in practically every business school in the country. . . . *Eugene B. Nadler*

EDITORIALS

Nixon's Dilemma

It took little profundity of insight to discern what President Nixon meant by his policy of Vietnamization, and the air strikes of November 21 confirm what any strategist, amateur or professional, could foresee. Every move of Nixon's is made with the 1972 elections in mind. He is keenly aware that he is a minority President, and that if he is to be re-elected, American casualties in Indochina must be sharply reduced. He can accomplish this by cutting down on American ground action in Vietnam. At the same time, if he expected the South Vietnamese to take over the brunt of the ground fighting, he had to support the Thieu-Ky cabal, and he has done so by reiterated proclamations of his loyalty. (On the day this was written, Mr. Nixon fed General Ky breakfast at the White House.) The effect of this continued allegiance has been to preclude fruitful negotiations in Paris.

Nor could Mr. Nixon run for re-election as the President who lost the war. Militarily or politically, or by a combination of the two, he must appear as the victor, or at least not a palpable loser. The obvious answer was, and still is, to continue giving the Thieu-Ky government massive air support, both strategically and on the battlefield. It does not matter how often the President changes his mind or violates his commitments. After his invasion of Cambodia raised domestic resentment in Congress and among the young to threatening levels, he said that the U.S. Air Force would withdraw from Cambodia with the American ground troops. The ground troops came out, but the air arm remained. Mr. Nixon assumes that those who support him will approve whatever he does, no matter what he says; the criticism of those who want an end of the war but have no use for him anyway, is of no importance in his calculations.

Another element in the Nixon strategy is a posture of toughness toward Communists, in Hanoi, Moscow, Peking or wherever. He has repeatedly threatened the NLF and the North Vietnamese with fearful retaliation if they refuse to behave in accordance with his dictates. That is one element in what Secretary Laird has called "Limited Duration Protective Reaction" strikes. The most recent of these, we are told, was in retaliation for the downing on November 13 of an "unarmed" U.S. reconnaissance aircraft (escorted by several fighter bombers). The true purpose was the same as that of the May 1-4 air operations against North Vietnam—to remind the enemy that the Nixon Administration is no soft adversary, and to break up any preparations for a major offensive by the enemy. Another motive for this type of aggressive action is to keep the enemy off balance while American ground troops are being withdrawn. The U.S. Air Force will remain in strength more than adequate to restrain the enemy—at least that is the Nixon-Kissinger-Laird hope.

Considering Mr. Nixon's problems, the strategy is about as well calculated as any he could devise. It is also full of holes. A valuable political bonus of the recent operations was to be the freeing of a few American prisoners in the commando raid on a prisoner-of-war camp, in time to get

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them home for Thanksgiving turkey, a White House reception, and lots of photographs. But our intelligence is very faulty and the prisoners weren't there. The Saigon government and the ARVN, according to the CIA, are heavily infiltrated with Communist agents. We seem unable to get our agents into North Vietnam. This basic difference can throw all of Mr. Nixon's plans awry.

Another difficulty is that he has no way to end the war. There will be lulls, as in the past few months, but the smoldering conflict may burst into flame at any time. Vietnamization is a gigantic gamble. Mr. Nixon is fighting to save his political future; the Communists and their allies have fought for twenty years for the right, as they see it, to run their own affairs. They beat the French. Americans are more formidable, but are not supermen.

A military offensive by the enemy is not precluded, although with American air power remaining in action it would be costly. But there are other possibilities in the great gamble on which Mr. Nixon has embarked. As American ground and logistic strength declines, the VC may foment political uprisings in the cities, even in Saigon itself. Whether Thieu-Ky, or their successors, could contain them is very much a question.

What should disturb Americans most of all, perhaps, is the Nixon personality. His antics at San Jose during the campaign were symptomatic. In the Indochina war, and in his relations with the Communist world generally, he behaves as pathologically defensive, insecure people usually behave when they acquire power. The enemy, he feels, is constantly "testing" him; his *machismo* is at stake. When added to his actual strategic needs, this aspect of his personality is deeply disquieting. However one looks at it, the succession from Kennedy, who put 16,000 American field commanders into Vietnam, to Johnson, who increased the expeditionary force to half a million, to Nixon, who in any other position would be distrusted as an oddball, spells trouble for the people.

Mr. Nixon is not an unknown quantity on the American scene. He has demonstrated that his actions do not necessarily conform with his words, but he has shown also that his threats cannot be dismissed as idle. If it seems to him that his interests will be best served by doing so, he is capable of carrying the Indochinese war to levels far beyond anything the American people now contemplate. At the moment, he can act, with or without the consent of the Congress. For his opposition to "deplore," "study," "hold hearings on," and "debate" events after the fact will not stay his hand. His actions to date invite a direct challenge from the Congress—and from the people.

The Front Runner

Sen. Edmund S. Muskie is the front runner for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1972. He has been named as such not by delegates or pollsters but by the mass media. A Presidential campaign must have a front runner, just as a baseball team must have a pitcher—the game requires it. It is difficult for the media to keep a collective eye on all possible nominees; the activities of a front runner can be more easily reported, and there is less risk of being made to look foolish than when a number of hopefuls are running strong.

IN THIS ISSUE

December 7, 1970

EDITORIALS

578

ARTICLES

582 The Philippines: Rebirth of the Revolution — *Robin Blackburn*

587 A Talk with Ramsey Clark: Justice in a Torn Nation — *Robert Sherrill*

591 Politics of Dead Center: The Artificial Majority — *Theodore J. Lowi*

595 The Stylish "Heads": Turning On in Society — *Maitland Zane*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

597 Brzezinski: Between Two Ages — *Peter Steinfels*

598 London: The Confession — *Charles Lam Markmann*

600 Lahr: Up Against the Fourth Wall — *Foster Hirsch*

601 Piercy: Dance the Eagle to Sleep — *Todd Gitlin*

602 Records 1970 — *David Hamilton*

604 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

605 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 211
No. 19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senator Muskie is a fine man and might be the most desirable nominee in 1972, but the latest Gallup poll indicates that, if the views of Democrats and Independents are combined, he does not draw as well as Senator Kennedy and is only seven points ahead of Mayor Lindsay, who is not even—or not yet—a Democrat. The Democratic Party leadership will be missing a splendid opportunity if it acquiesces in Muskie's easy conquest of the front-runner nomination, which may well have the effect of precluding a consideration of other possible nominees or of providing a test of competence and drawing power. Nor is it by any means clear that front-runner status will benefit Muskie.

Consider the last point first. In his amusing work, *The New Language of Politics*, William Safire has some comments on front runners. Sometimes the front runner has gone on to win the nomination; Goldwater in 1964 is a case in point. But Safire notes that "as used today in politics [the front-runner tag] carries ominous overtones of a likelihood of fading in the homestretch." The front runner must "come thundering into the convention, increasing his speed and with enough 'kick' left for a final spurt." FDR was warned in 1932 by Robert W. Wooley to beware of taking the lead: "automatically you become the target of the other candidates, real and potential." And the wider the range of possible choice, the greater is the danger out in front. On the racing analogy, Safire refers to a *New York Times* sports page story which pictured a victorious jockey splattered with mud. The caption explained that "it is evident McCreary's mount had to come from way back to win—front runners stay clean." Not so in politics, Safire comments.

The Democrats have a wealth of attractive Presidential and Vice Presidential nominees. A partial list would include: Muskie, McCarthy, Shriver, Gilligan, Stevenson, Proxmire, Ramsey Clark, Nelson, Mondale, Fulbright, Harris, Hughes, Bayh, Kennedy, John Rockefeller of West Virginia, McGovern, Humphrey, Hollings and others, not to mention Lindsay and other liberal Republicans who may be politically homeless in 1972. Failure to parade this wealth of talent before the public would be political foolishness. Why doesn't the party borrow the format Jess Unruh used in presenting candidates to the California delegation in Chicago in 1968? Let it prepare a list of Democratic spokesmen—they do not need to be and should not be labeled "candidates"—who, in teams of, say, three, would address open meetings sponsored by the party in the major states and regions. Each discussion would focus on specific local and general issues. The presentations should not be partisan; the discussion should be of issues. The media would of course be invited (one can safely predict excellent cost-free local coverage). The number of spokesmen for each meeting would have to be limited to allow for cross-questioning and questions from the audience.

Such meetings would not only exhibit the range of talent available, on a fair and equal basis, but would also clarify the issues, build interest in the convention, and be a factor in the selection of delegates and delegations. There is reason to believe that some such procedure would attract large crowds and might even be used as a means of paying off a portion of the party's deficit. During the last West German election, teams of intellectuals sent out to discuss *issues* drew large and interested audiences. The details would, of course, have to be carefully worked out. But some such procedure would be clearly preferable to accepting the quaint notion of a front runner pursued by a pack of favorite sons. Why not let voters take a look at the talent available and, at the same time, listen to a discussion of the issues? The Republicans would find it difficult to counter the appeal of such meetings.

'Nothing To Worry About'

In our issue of November 9 we printed an editorial, "The Revival of Heresy." HUAC, now transformed into the House Committee on Internal Security, with a go-getter, Rep. Richard H. Ichord as chairman, requested from 179 colleges and universities a list of guest speakers and their honoraria. In the name of Nat Hentoff, the leading heretic on the list, with three citations, the Washington branch of the American Civil Liberties Union brought a class action which resulted in an injunction issued by District Judge Gerhard A. Gesell, restraining the Superintendent of Documents from publishing the list of speakers whose affiliations made them suspect. The list, however, went into the *Congressional Record*, Ichord made it available to newsmen at a press conference, and a few newspapers, including *The New York Times*, printed it. The case is now on the calendar of the Circuit Court of Appeals and is very likely to go to the Supreme Court. In *The Village Voice* of November 19, Hentoff gives a full account of the latest developments, including a letter of protest which the Authors League of America addressed to the *Times*.

The committee, slightly chastened, dropped from its list the names of John Ciardi, John C. Bennett and Wyatt Tee Walker. The only offense it could ascribe to these three was that they had sponsored the National Committee to Abolish HUAC, and after a storm had blown up, the committee decided that it was going a bit too far to proscribe a man merely for opposing it.

The importance of this case is further emphasized by the ominous fact that out of 179 colleges and universities which were asked for names, 137 complied. Most of the other forty-two probably simply ignored the request; a few, however, told Ichord where he got off. From those who knuckled under, the committee got considerably more than 1,000 names of scholars, writers, artists, et al., who had spoken on campus. The 1,000-plus were distilled down to the sixty-five who were, in effect, put on a blacklist.

But what of the nearly 1,000 who were, so to speak, put on probation? Will the committee destroy all reference to them? The question answers itself. Lists of this type are *never* destroyed. In answer to a reporter's question, a committee member said, "We'll keep the names." "Why?" the reporter asked. "For nothing," the member airily replied. "Listen, those other people on the list have nothing to worry about."

They haven't, until a witch hunter digs up something previously overlooked, or until they join one of the proscribed organizations. For instance, Hentoff cites Mark Lane, whose only citation was alleged support of the Na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional Committee to Abolish HUAC. The National Lawyers Guild was then added to the list of subversive or suspect organizations; since Lane is a member of that, he stays on the list.

The committee and its critics are in agreement on one thing: the case is important. The committee regards Judge Gesell's order as "a most serious intrusion by the judicial branch upon the legislative duties and privileges of the House." On the other side, there is widespread feeling that the committee, by finding individuals guilty of exercising their right of free speech, to petition for redress of grievances, etc., has been guilty of most serious intrusions on the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. If the courts uphold the committee, the familiar pattern of proscription by Congressional publicity will remain unchanged. If the complainants prevail, that invasion of the rights of citizens will be somewhat curtailed.

The Levitation of Moynihan

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is an "adviser without portfolio" to the President. Next to Henry Kissinger, he is also Mr. Nixon's favorite intellectual. Now there are press reports that he is to succeed Charles W. Yost as United States Ambassador to the United Nations. If so, he will be an "ambassador without credentials." For what, indeed, are his qualifications for the post? A man who tosses around a phrase like "benign neglect" would seem, on the face of it, notably lacking in the diplomatic arts and skills.

"In recent years," an article in *The New York Times* (November 21) concludes, "particularly since Arthur J. Goldberg resigned, the United Nations post has been in a decline." If Moynihan gets it, the decline will become precipitous, unless a miracle occurs. At this juncture—assuming there is substance to the story—it would appear that Moynihan's appointment reflects the Administration's desire to show contempt for the UN.

Again with the reservation that the change of ambassadors may be only a trial balloon, the treatment of Yost is unnecessarily rough. When a reporter asked him about Moynihan, Yost is said to have looked surprised. But this Administration is not noted for gentle manners. The Attorney General urges George Romney to step down and take another job. One would think that the President himself should handle such a matter. He appointed Romney. He appointed Yost. Both men did their best under difficult circumstances. If changes are to be made, ordinary business courtesy would seem to warrant personal Presidential attention.

But that is secondary. Moynihan is a very gabby fellow and it is a reasonable assumption that he has been dictating his memoirs from day to day since he was summoned into the Presidential circle. Literature of that type brings a fairly good price in today's market and, perhaps of equal moment, might help to restore the academic luster that Mr. Moynihan may have lost while serving under Mr. Nixon. Formally, the U.S. ambassador to the UN is addressed as "Your Excellency." Of course nobody does actually call him that, but it is etiquette for a stranger to preface H.E. to his name when writing him. A person so honorific might return to Harvard with little opposition. Thus H. E. could be kept happy at the UN until the dangers implicit in publishing memoirs prior to the 1972 election had receded.

If that is a sound conjecture, it seems a high price to pay for silence. But Mr. Nixon won't be paying it. The people of the United States, and other countries as well, will foot the bill, and that may not weigh heavily in the Nixon calculations.

Shopper's Gamble

Taking the Las Vegas element out of grocery shopping would be as much of a boon to consumers as a 10 per cent drop in food prices. For years, supermarket operators have known that shoppers stand only a fifty-fifty chance of being able to compare prices accurately, given the bewildering range of package sizes, and the difficulty of working out cost per measure without a slide rule. Therefore chains have opposed dual pricing, on the grounds that the public wasn't really interested, and that it would be expensive to install and operate. (Under dual pricing, merchandise carries, in addition to the price of the item as packaged, its cost by weight, volume, or number.)

Safeway's recent decision to convert some 1,000 items to dual pricing at once in its District of Columbia, Virgina, Maryland and Delaware stores—and, if the experiment goes well, in all its stores within a year—may change industry's tune. Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D., N.Y.), at whose request Safeway began dual pricing tests more than a year ago, predicts it will "set off a competitive scramble among supermarkets across the country to implement similar programs. . . . In two years, every chain in the United States will fall in line."

Dabbling in dual pricing is nothing new: in fact, it is currently being done by at least thirty companies, including such giants as Jewel, Kroger, National Tea and First National Stores. But with a few exceptions, such experiments have been halfhearted. They have used a limited range of products, modest advertising support (or none at all) and often such unhelpful devices as computer printouts and mini price-per-ounce calculators. Naturally, few women were thereby persuaded to change their shopping habits, and the chains smugly told one another that consumers weren't very thrifty or price conscious.

The importance of Safeway's commitment—quite apart from the fact that it is the nation's second largest food chain—is that it was made in response to solid evidence of public demand. A six-month study by Dr. Monroe Friedman, director of the Center for the Study of Contemporary Issues at Eastern Michigan University, showed that 38 per cent of Safeway's suburban customers, and 25 per cent of inner Washington, D.C., patrons used the dual pricing labels, and slashed their food budgets.

Dual pricing may even help chains to do well by doing good. Benner Tea Co., a small twenty-three-store Iowa chain, which introduced full dual pricing six months ago, reports booming sales, increased savings to customers, and all for a modest annual cost of $616 per store.

"Being for dual pricing is like being for motherhood," said Benner's president, Charles C. Fitzmorris. Then he added the magic words: "This is not going to raise the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

price of food in the United States." If he and Congressman Rosenthal are right, consumers can look forward to seeing a lot of the gamble taken out of grocery marketing, plus estimated savings of 10 per cent if they will take the trouble to shop carefully. JENNIFER CROSS

Law'n Order in Dallas

From the *Texas Observer* comes an appalling story by Dave Beckwith. Late in June, four black students from the University of California at Santa Barbara drove into Dallas on their way east. Their names were Leroy Delaine, 27, an honors student who was to have entered law school at Berkeley this fall; Arnold Ellis, 22, an honors student who was to have entered law school at Harvard this fall; Dalton Nezey, 24, an honors student and community worker in Santa Barbara; and Irving Brown, 20, a varsity track athlete. Their car was a 1968 Volvo owned by Delaine; Ellis was driving. Shortly after they entered downtown Dallas, they were tailed by an unmarked police car. Ellis pulled over, and the four were arrested for "suspicion of armed robbery."

In the trunk of the Volvo the police found two shotguns, a carbine and an automatic pistol. The armed robbery charge was dropped and the four were accused of "carrying prohibited weapons." That charge also was abandoned when a check with the California police showed that the guns were owned by the four students and registered to them in California (although registration of a firearm in one state does not necessarily validate possession in another).

But that was not the end of the matter. While nothing had been said about marijuana, one of the policemen now declared that he had found 9 grams of the stuff, had put it in his pocket and forgotten about it. The police told conflicting stories of where the drug had been found, in what kind of container, etc. In September, however, the students were brought to trial on a charge of possession. Six-teen blacks in the panel of veniremen were dismissed on peremptory challenge and an all-white jury was selected. The two prosecuting attorneys brought out the weapons—which were irrelevant to the indictment—and set them on a table in front of the jury, where they remained for the rest of the trial. The students belonged to the Black Students Union, an organization of blacks on California campuses, which was alleged to be a branch or affiliate of the Black Panther Party. Nezey was said by the prosecution to be a "bodyguard" of Angela Davis; it developed that his only contact with her had been that, representing the host Black Students Union, he had walked with her to the stage when she spoke at Santa Barbara on November 4, 1969, and had sat there while she spoke.

Dr. Lionel Reynolds, 58, dean of students at UCSB for thirteen years, came to Dallas as a character witness for the four students. None had ever been arrested before and all were excellent students. All had been recruited for the Educational Opportunities Program and been carefully screened before matriculation. On two occasions, while Dean Reynolds was present, Judge Ed Gossett conferred in chambers with the prosecution without defense counsel being present. During defense counsel's summation to the jury, according to Beckwith, Judge Gossett slept (or pretended to sleep). When the prosecution dismissed Dean Reynolds' testimony by saying, "If he's typical of the kind of campus administrators they have in California . . ." the judge nodded vigorously. The jury took only a few minutes to find all four guilty, and the Dallas radio stations had a field day.

Judge Gossett gave Delaine a non-probated sentence of three years. At a demonstration against Governor Reagan, he said, Delaine had shouted "riot on" (more likely "right on"). Nezey also got three years, while Ellis mercifully received ten years' probation and Brown five.

An interesting sidelight is that one of Judge Gossett's sons was convicted of possession of marijuana earlier this year. His sentence was two years' probation. Thus justice proceeds in Texas.

THE PHILIPPINES

REBIRTH OF THE REVOLUTION

ROBIN BLACKBURN
Mr. Blackburn, an editor of New Left Review, *was dismissed from his teaching post at the London School of Economics last year for having supported the student action there. Mr. Blackburn co-edited* Student Power (*Penguin*).

The wave of strikes, riots and demonstrations which shook Manila for three months earlier this year signals the re-emergence of a revolutionary movement in a country where it has twice been cruelly robbed of victory.

The war in Vietnam, which has helped to inspire this new eruption, was foreshadowed seven decades ago in the Philippines when the United States claimed the archipelago as its spoils for having won the Spanish-American War. By 1898, a Filipino Revolutionary Government had seized control of most of the country, confining the forces of the Spanish colonial masters to the walled citadel inside Manila. But when the United States had gained its lightning victory over the Spanish in the Atlantic and Caribbean, the Filipino revolutionaries found themselves facing a new enemy. At the Paris Peace Conference, Washington proposed that it should purchase the Philippines for $20 million; then discovered that dollars alone were not enough to secure its booty. Eventually 70,000 U.S. troops and four years of pitiless war were needed to subdue the Filipino forces. The eventual success of the American occupation was assisted by the fact that the bourgeois leadership of the Filipino Revolutionary Govern-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, after failing to adopt guerrilla tactics, capitulated to the United States. This prologue to the fledgling imperialism of the United States in Asia was the occasion for which Rudyard Kipling composed his most odious hymn to racial destiny: "The White Man's Burden."

In 1945 the Huks (Anti-Japanese Liberation Army) had liberated almost the whole of Luzon, the largest island of the country, and with nearly half the population, when again the United States Army arrived to veto the success. It was not until 1954 that a pro-American government could claim to have established a precarious social peace.

President Ferdinand Marcos was no doubt uneasily aware of this turbulent tradition when early in 1970 he branded the capture by demonstrators of a slice of his Malacañang Palace as an attempt by "Maoist elements" to seize power. Troops fired on the demonstrators (there were six deaths and many hundreds of other casualties), and two frigates were ordered to the palace sea front to rescue the President and his staff. Today a force of 5,000 soldiers is permanently stationed within the palace grounds.

Despite the evident exaggeration in Marcos' description of this incident, it is certainly part of a new revolutionary attempt to smash the neo-colonial state in the Philippines. As Marcos knows, this state is a strange, and far from invulnerable, historical excrescence. It seems to have been designed to violate the most cherished generalizations that sociologists and political scientists have made about the modern state. Max Weber, for example, defined the state as the body which exercises the monopoly of legitimate force over a given area. In the Philippines, the state does not even seek to challenge the multiplication of armed groups which, together, exceed in size (and often in the quality of their equipment) that of its own armed forces. Every political leader, every large landowner, every major company has a retinue of armed men, quite apart from the private armies which hire themselves out to the highest bidder.

This proliferation of armed force has supported the formal, Western-style, two-party democracy that has prevailed since "independence" was granted in 1946, and it has insured the continued rule by the possessing class and its foreign masters. But it has also insured a genuine pluralism within the ruling groups, such that no faction (army, sugar bloc, etc.) has been able thus far to monopolize effective political power. The two parties, the ruling Nacionalistas and the opposition Liberals, are loose coalitions of financial and political power. Both President Marcos and his predecessor, Macapagal, adroitly switched parties in order to gather a decisive constituency and win "election." At every level, this exchange of party loyalties occurs with change of the ruling party. In Filipino political lingo, it is known as acting "patriotically" by "placing the interests of the nation above those of party." As in many other neo-colonial societies, access to government, where opportunities for financial gain are limitless, is the chief source of capital accumulation, most other sources being foreign-owned.

The official Commission on Elections (Comelec) reports that "rampant overspending, fraud and terrorism marked the last elections," held in November 1969. Seventy-two political assassinations were recorded during the campaign. It added that although "terrorism was the most brazen and scandalous method employed by political warlords to subvert the people's mandate, the Comelec cannot do much to prevent it because it lacks ample power over the law-enforcement agencies acting as its deputies." Indeed, it confessed that "the conduct of Comelec personnel contributed to the disruption of orderly elections." In one constituency in southern Cebu, the Liberals controlled one polling station, the Nacionalistas the other. The Liberals announced that every single one of the 9,400 voters registered in the area had chosen their man, but their timidity was rebuked when the Nacionalista candidate won with a vote some 2,000 greater than the registered total.

This was tame politics, compared with the goings-on in the northern island of Batanes, where an armed band known as the Suzuki Boys took over the whole island for the election period, murdering the local public prosecutor, closing the airport, occupying the radio and telegraph offices, as well as the polling stations, to make certain of the harmonious elevation of their elected patron, Congressman Rufino Antonio, Jr. They secured the cooperation of the local police and armed forces by dressing themselves up as government Special Forces, and it was this imposture rather than the duress applied that provoked scandal.

The Comelec comments: "During all these election years, the dice have been loaded in favor of the affluent, the rich and powerful, rather than the generality of our people. . . . Indeed, this is one of the primary causes of the youth unrest and the student demonstrations that we witness today." However, the students are well aware that Filipino politics simply reflect the underlying pattern of the society as a whole. Added to the normal dimensions of capitalist exploitation are a swarm of special tolls, tithes, protection money (known as "tong") kickbacks and undercover payments exacted alike by the police and the private armies and gangs. Some of the gangs, such as Sigue-Sigue and OXO, are regarded by the masses as providing a measure of genuine protection against the arbitrary power of the rich.

However, the corruption of the social order does not alone explain the wide scope of the demonstrations. Two factors have combined to upset the Filipino political system—which in its own way has worked well enough for twenty years or more. First, an acute economic crisis has required a special additional loan from the International Monetary Fund of $27 million, to "roll over" previous loans—that is, to pay the interest due on them. As a condition, the IMF insisted in late February on a "floating exchange rate" for the Filipino peso and to date that has resulted in a 50 per cent devaluation. The ensuing sharp rise of living costs for the masses is aggravated by the second IMF condition, that there should be drastic cuts in government expenditure with a consequent rise in unemployment from its present level of 17 per cent of the labor force. All this affects not only the masses (who usually suffer, whatever happens); it threatens also to deprive the political machine of its necessary lubricant:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even scraping the pork barrel will not insure an adequate flow of patronage.

The second factor to disturb the usual balance of forces is that Marcos became in the November elections the first Filipino President to be elected for a second term. The usual seesaw of "ins" and "outs" has previously guaranteed the underlying loyalty of everyone to the system, and Marcos' continued control of the public purse is profoundly disruptive.

Most powerful of the "outs" is Vice President Lopez, whose office provides only limited access to the government machine and treasury. Lopez is backed by the sugar bloc (sugar is one of the main exports) and himself controls two TV channels, three radio stations and two of the largest newspapers. This media barrage has been providing an enthusiastic background chorus to the student agitations—insofar as they are anti-Marcos. Indeed, Marcos himself has tried to use the students and the Red bogy to extract better terms in loan negotiations with the United States. Police turned up half an hour too late to defend the U.S. Embassy from the ravages of the demonstrators. But though ready to turn any situation to profit, Marcos has reason to be most anxious about the cumulative impact of mounting economic crisis, embittered political rivalries and now the re-emergence of a revolutionary challenge to the social order itself.

He has spoken of the danger of a military coup, and one cannot rule out this possibility, though so far it has been held off by the diffusion of different armed groups. In addition to the private armies, there are many paramilitary forces, loosely dependent on the state but often at loggerheads with one another: Special Forces, Barrio Defense Units, Riot Squads, local police, etc. Thus the *Manila Chronicle* for March 1 begins a report from Makati: "Eleven heavily armed members of the mobile patrol division of the local police force raided the police department early this morning to rescue a policeman arrested for allegedly violating the anti-graft law." This type of occurrence gives a special meaning to the declaration by General Yan, the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces: "Let me assure our people, at this stage, there should be no cause for alarm. The security forces of our government, *especially those under my command,* have the situation well under control" (emphasis added).

Even within the army strong factions are based on region (many officers come, as does Marcos, from Ilocos in northern Luzon and are fiercely loyal to him) and also on education (between graduates of the Philippine Military Academy and those who entered from ordinary universities). A factor which so far has united the army behind Marcos is the support of the U.S. military. Ninety per cent of Filipino officers above the rank of captain have attended training courses in the United States: General Yan is a West Pointer. As long as Washington is willing to tolerate Marcos, he is safe from a military takeover.

For all his talk of coups, Marcos is really frightened only of the people. Despite a partial and bourgeois agrarian reform, opposition continues to smolder in the countryside—indeed, the independent peasant is a more sturdy opponent of the moneylenders and tax officials than are the sharecroppers. And now the towns and cities, where a third of the population live, have exploded. This raises the question of the power of the Filipino Left.

In the ten years or so which followed the defeat of the armed uprising of 1949-54, the revolutionary Left in the Philippines was reduced to a vestigial

Howard C. Christy

Insurgent Filipino Troops Attacking the Spanish: 1899

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force. The entire politburo of the Communist Party was in prison and the commander of the People's Liberation Army, Luis Taruc, surrendered to the government and later announced his conversion to Christianity. During this period, the only opposition to imperialism and its attendant regime came from bourgeois nationalists like Sen. Claro M. Recto. Although he died in 1962, his ideas inspired the foundation in 1964 of the KM (Kabataang Makabayan or Nationalist Youth), which quickly became a powerful force among the more than half million Filipino students. This organization developed in an atmosphere in which the Communist Party was illegal and expression of even mildly Socialist views could lead to summary imprisonment under the anti-subversion law. If there were any revolutionary Socialists in the student movement they were forced to adopt an Aesopian language, made up of one part appeals to "social justice and human dignity" and two parts nationalism of the Recto variety.

The establishment of a Filipino branch of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation in 1965 allowed anti-imperialist sentiments to be more openly expressed. Stimulated by the war in Vietnam, the development of guerrilla struggles in Latin America and the Cultural Revolution in China, the perspective of Filipino students became radical. The rise of a New Left in the United States considerably contributed to this development. Because of the country's colonial past and neo-colonial present, English is more widely spoken than Tagalog, the national Filipino language. Ironically, *Time* and *Newsweek* have done more to radicalize Filipino youth than the *Peking Review* (which is of course banned). After 1966 there was a mass student agitation against Filipino participation in Vietnam, and after 1968 for "student power" on the campus. In 1967 the KM split. The majority, which retained the name, was increasingly attracted to the ideas of Mao Tse-tung. The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation and a new grouping, the MPKP (Malayang Pagkakaisa ng Kabataang Pilipino or Free Association of Filipino Youth), drew closer to more orthodox Marxism.

All these groups now sought to expand their membership and activities to areas of the population outside the student sector. The KM developed worker and peasant sections and cooperated with NATU (National Association of Trade Unions), a 200,000-member organization with considerable white-collar support which had always opposed the main CIA-sponsored labor organization. The national membership of KM is now about 12,000 and includes young textile workers, car-assembly workers and some peasants, as well as students. Membership of the MPKP is about 5,000 and 80 per cent of these are young peasants or rural workers. The MPKP cooperates with MASAKA, a peasant organization of some 45,000 members which continues in the areas where the old revolutionary movement used to be strongest. All these forces, together with a number of other groups, combined last year to form the MDP (Movement for a Democratic Philippines). This umbrella organization coordinated mammoth demonstrations early in 1970.

Political violence usually operates with a certain restraint in Manila, where the great bulk of the middle class is to be found. (In the rest of the country, where the other 35 million Filipinos live, it is less inhibited.) Thus the unleashing of open repression in the capital itself (public beatings, tear gas, troops firing on crowds) alienated sections of middle-class opinion from the government. The apparent effectiveness of the student demonstrators also impressed itself on less privileged social strata. Strikes broke out in a number of assembly plants and the jeep drivers, who provide the city's main transport, began a campaign against the "tong" which they have to pay to the police and the gangs.

Despite the fear of retaliation, the MDP was able to attract a crowd of 100,000 to a "People's Congress." The MDP has always sought to make it clear that its target is the whole prevailing order and its subordination to United States imperialism, not just the Marcos Presidency.

For a long time, Filipino politics have been totally dominated by the violence and corruption of neo-colonial jockeying for power. Even the armed class struggle of 1949-54 was not accompanied by much mass political agitation in the towns or on the islands other than Luzon. The historic significance of the MDP is that for the first time the Filipino people have been exposed to politics and offered the alternative of political activity unintegrated into the dominant political system. So far this impact has been greatest in the urban areas, where politics was hitherto the least developed. The leaders of the MDP are of course aware that their objectives cannot be achieved by demonstrations, any more than they can by elections. They envisage a protracted struggle, with its main focus in the countryside. And for that conflict the rival Communist parties and their military forces are a crucial factor.

In 1967, the remnant of the illegal Communist Party split, both sections repudiating the leaders of the armed force which claimed to be Communist. That force, under the leadership of Commander Sumulong, still controls the area around the city of Angeles, right next to Clark Air Base. Sumulong operates much like any other Filipino warlord, selling out his "protection" to local bigwigs, suborning the local police, teaming up with Nacionalistas at election time and drawing a "tong" from everything that moves in Angeles, including the brothels that service the U.S. air base. Sumulong's men are now generally known as the "Beatles," while the government paramilitary force created to suppress them is known as the "Monkees."

It is unlikely that any genuine Communists are still involved with Sumulong. In 1967, the pro-Chinese section of the party won the support of Sumulong's former number three, Commander Dante, a young and brilliant guerrilla leader who now commands the New People's Army. Although this new Huk force is small, numbering not more than 500 effectives, it maintains a steady pressure on landlords, government and local goons. Not a week passes without a report of some daring exploit conducted by Commander Dante's men—a raid on the Clark base, an ambush of police, the execution of some detested landlord or government agent. Most of these actions are concentrated in central Luzon in the provinces of Tarlac and Pampanga. Less is heard of the armed forces of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other Communist Party which is still called by the old Huk name, People's Liberation Army. Led by Commander Diwar, it is strongest in Nueva Ecija and neighboring provinces. It lends muscle to the agitation of the peasant associations in this area and curbs the activities of cattle rustlers, bandits and Monkees. The best way to estimate the character of these forces is to give an account of the parties on which they depend.

The "reconstructed" Communist Party of the Philippines (Marxist-Leninist) was founded on Chairman Mao's 75th birthday, December 26, 1968, and is led by Amado Guerrero. Filipino newspapers say that this is the *nom de guerre* of Jose Maria Sison, a young Filipino intellectual educated at the elite Jesuit Ateneo college, a founder and former national chairman of the KM and author of *Struggle for a National Democracy,* the bible of most young Filipino revolutionaries. The CPP (M-L) was established after searching and uninhibited critique of the whole history and politics of the old party, which it criticized for a combination of "right opportunism" (disbanding the Huks in 1945) and military "adventurism" (developing an armed struggle after 1948 that was not based on principles of "People's war").*

The rival party still employs the old designation, Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), and defends its history. It inherits a significant peasant base from this connection. On most international issues it supports Moscow, though when I spoke to Commander Diwar he insisted that the party defines itself in fighting feudalism and imperialism in the Philippines rather than in purely ideological terms. The conflict between the two parties has ventilated some formerly taboo questions, especially those relating to the history of the old party, without preventing cooperation in the mass movement. On many issues there is a great similarity in the political analysis made by the two parties.

Both parties see the "national bourgeoisie" as a potential ally in the struggle for "national democracy," though the vacillation of this social class is acknowledged by both. They both also insist that the social formation prevailing in the Philippines should be described as "semi-feudal and semi-colonial." From a scientific point of view, it makes little sense to claim that "feudalism" in any meaningful sense survives in the Philippines; commodity production and even wage labor are prevalent in the countryside and becoming more so in the wake of the bourgeois agrarian reform. It is also unlikely that an authentic national bourgeoisie can be said to exist—that is, a section of the bourgeoisie economically opposed to imperialism, because of its long hegemony over the Filipino economy. For example, among the few enterprises to be wholly Filipino-owned is the Manila Hilton, and it is difficult to imagine its owners joining even a vacillating anti-imperialist force. The limits of bourgeois nationalism are usually defined by its underlying loyalty to its own bourgeois state, which in turn is usually in fief to imperialism. The Latin American experience suggests that bourgeois nationalism allows itself to be anti-imperialist only when the revolutionary Left has been defeated (Peru, Bolivia); in other circumstances, it is infinitely more hostile to the masses than to imperialism.

Do such considerations have implications for political practice? An increasing number of militants in both Communist parties believe they do. Too much obeisance to bourgeois nationalism, they say, limits the development of the movement. Petit bourgeois nationalism of the sort represented by such leaders as Nkrumah, Sukarno and Nasser leads the movement to defeat because it can manipulate the masses, but cannot mobilize them for their own emancipation. If the working class is to become a vital force in the Philippines, uninhibited appeals must be made to class struggle, whether or not this alarms the "national bourgeoisie." It is also obvious that national minorities like the Moslems in Mindanao cannot be appealed to in terms of Filipino nationalism, however radical. As all recognize that spreading the base of revolution outside Luzon is an urgent task, this point is of great importance. But this having been said, nobody doubts that the democratic and nationalist aspirations of numerous petit bourgeois, of many schoolteachers, lesser government bureaucrats, et al., can become a significant revolutionary force if it has a strong proletarian leadership.

Harper's Weekly

Major General Arthur MacArthur Instructing His Staff Aide: 1899

Other questions which have not been theoretically resolved are the relation between mass mobilization and armed struggle, between legal and illegal work, between work in the countryside and work in the towns. The demonstrations of early 1970 went a long way toward indicating practical solutions. One reason why the armed struggle of 1949-54 was defeated was that it lacked any

*The disbanding of the Huks in 1945 (it was not a complete disarmament, as later events were to show) is blamed by the CPP (M-L) solely on Earl Browder of the U.S. party, rather than also on Stalin who inspired similar tactics in Greece.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support from the cities. Today it is the Manila bourgeoisie which fears for its control of the urban areas. Security guards throughout Manila have been doubled, and many houses in the luxurious Forbes Park suburb are up for sale. Class pride in conspicuous consumption has been rapidly displaced by terror.

The conquests of the "generation of 1970" promise to be a deliverance from the long frustration of revolutionary hopes in the Philippines. The original feature of this movement seems to be that in the countryside it is learning from Mao and the Vietnamese; in the towns from the Black Panthers and the student movements of the imperialist countries themselves. However, given the quality of the new leaderships that have been tested in these recent struggles, one may expect that soon the Filipinos will offer examples for other revolutionaries to follow. □

A TALK WITH RAMSEY CLARK

JUSTICE IN A TORN NATION

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

Q: Attorney General Mitchell calls electronic surveillance the best weapon for fighting organized crime. You say in your book—and you have said elsewhere—that it is one of the most overrated weapons. Do you think Mitchell may have perfected its use, or do you think he is exaggerating?

RC: People who really have used it will tell you it's not an investigative tool. It's not useful for picking up a kidnap message or something like that—what it is, it's a method of finding a whole lot of information, and misinformation, about groups. That is clearly constitutionally impermissible, that practice. I don't think anybody for a minute could pretend otherwise.

Q: Mitchell says that, in one wire tap involving a gambling operation, 17,690 calls were intercepted, and 17, 513 of these were incriminating.

RC: If you overheard 17,000 incriminating phone calls, obviously it's a bookie joint. What do you need 17,000 for? How many do you need to make a case? Seventeen would be more like it. You're fishing; you're waiting for something that you don't know about. It's as if you believe somebody may have marijuana in an apartment, but what you're really looking for is evidence of something else; you get your warrant to search for marijuana, but what you really look for is to see if they are a bunch of bombers or something. That's not permissible.

What does it mean to have a tap on the phone that picks up 17,000 communications? You've got to be kidding, don't you? Didn't they know perfectly well what the premise was used for before they put that tap on? And how many other people did you hear on there and on other phones?

The real meaning to me of the Attorney General of the United States going to the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and talking about nothing but wire tap—with the enormous range of problems and needs the police have—is that he is going to play politics with criminal justice. What about police salaries—is that so inconsequential you don't mention it? There are 400,000 law-enforcement officers in the United States. Do you really think 1,000 have had any cause to engage in wire tap? Is that the only subject the Attorney General of the United States can talk to policemen about? How about professionalization and standards—when are we really going to start supporting the police so that they can perform effectively? What about police community relations, which is the most difficult police problem of today and tomorrow—are we going to do anything about it or are we going to talk about something that destroys police community relations, wire tap? A purely symbolic thing. Just take the number of arrests—I think if you examine some of them you'll find a great many of those —take those Newark ones—they are petty gamblers; they haven't done a thing the federal government has within its jurisdiction, really. Are we going to play a numbers game? Is our purpose to ideologically sell the American public a system of investigation that is immoral and inconsequential in its capacity to enforce laws?

Q: On the point of crime statistics, does the FBI play with them for propaganda purposes?

RC: If you mean, does it purposely fabricate the crime statistics, I don't think so. Unquestionably, on the other hand, it tends to produce alarm with its use of statistics, by not treating them sensitively and by repeating them quarterly—almost compounding them in the public's mind. So, in my judgment, rather than giving you an understanding of what these crime statistics mean in their total social dimension, the FBI creates a fear that the increase is going to engulf us.

Q: You do not think it's engulfing us?

RC: I think there was probably more crime per capita in the 19th century than we have now. Anyway, it is ignoble to cause society to worry only about an increase. I think we ought to have some higher purpose in society than that. And to treat only the question, is it getting worse?—am I in danger?—is demeaning to human dignity.

Q: Does the FBI use crime statistics for budgetary propaganda?

RC: In part. And then, I think it is a hangup—they're doing their thing, you know—it's a production line, and they got caught with it and it keeps coming.

Q: From what you have written in your book, you think the Mafia is the most highly overrated aspect of crime in America. Is that true?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RC: The Mafia is exaggerated by many. The FBI never admitted the existence of the Cosa Nostra, as they came to call it, until 1956, roughly. Why did they wait so long? Part of it was the beginning of an awareness that there were meetings and things—this came shortly before Apalachin. I think maybe electronic surveillance began to develop a new awareness that there were guys in New York and Chicago and Las Vegas talking to one another.

Q: Speaking of the FBI, and of its bugs, is it true that FBI officials entertained editors of *The Reader's Digest* and other visiting opinion shapers by playing tapes of eavesdroppings in Martin Luther King's hotel room?

RC: I don't know; I have heard and read on a number of occasions now, since I left office, that they did. I think we ought to know, the public ought to know. I think that would be just an absolutely intolerable—

Q: You don't know whether J. Edgar Hoover used it to blackmail Martin Luther King?

RC: I don't know; I don't think he did, but I don't know.

Q: Do you know of any similar use of wire taps or bugs to embarrass people who differed with Hoover's ideology?

RC: Well, I think there has been a willingness [by the FBI] to permit publication of information from bugs on several occasions when integrity would have prohibited it.

Q: Do you think the inflow of drugs could be stopped if our government sincerely tried to stop it?

RC: I tried for two years to keep narcotics out of Terminal Island and the federal penitentiary in California. It's way out on the pier, boats can't come up near it, and everybody coming or going can be made to submit to a body check, but we couldn't keep narcotics out of Terminal Island.

Q: I would say if there was any one, overall theme in *Crime in America* it would be that if we want to stop crime we will have to clean up the slums, etc. Do you think maybe you have overstated or do you really feel that strongly that slums are at fault?

RG: I think slums are clearly not the sole cause of crime, but also clearly a major cause of crime, both directly and indirectly. You know, why is a robbery thirty-five times more common per capita in the central city than in rural areas? Why are 57 per cent of bodies identified as murdered black? Where do they come from? Why are there high crime areas in every city; who are the real victims of that crime? It's the poor people in the slums. And that doesn't mean that some of the greatest strength of character produced doesn't come from the slums—on the contrary, I not only think it does, I said that in the book.

Q: You write, "Young people, frustrated, neglected, skeptical and unable to escape the truth that surrounds them, wonder at our purpose." Young people have always been skeptical, so they are no different today. I don't understand how you can say they are neglected. More and more this has become a youth culture. As for their frustrations, it is easier for young people to get jobs and to get education than ever before.

RC: Maybe we need new definitions of neglect. I don't think that being sent off to school shows care or love. I just think if we look at suburban America, we find so much in our homes that is empty, find neglect—not in the sense that kids don't have more to eat than they need, a too powerful car to drive, too much money. But mother is not home to talk to them—mother may be an alcoholic. Never doubt that the broken family and these other problems in the suburbs—family breakdown—contribute directly to crime. Look at juvenile offenders in the federal centers—they tend to come from more advantaged families because they have engaged in the type of crime that requires a better starting point. Got to get across the state line in that stolen automobile. They're coming from neglect, in my vocabulary—father doesn't spend much time with his son and when he does it's frequently an antagonistic rather than an affectionate relationship. I was reading in the papers this morning about some of the guys out on strike at General Motors in Los Angeles who said that the main unpleasantness is that their being home so much is getting the whole family upset at having them around!

Q: Why are there not more arrests and convictions for white-collar crimes? Are there two levels of justice in this country? You write: "There are federal judicial districts in which there has never been a conviction for tax fraud and many where conviction has never resulted in imprisonment." I presume you are mainly talking about the big tax dodger? Is this proof that U.S.-style democracy has produced justice only for the fat cat?

RC: Well, there's never been a rich man executed in this country, to my knowledge. I wonder why? One answer is that a good lawyer makes a difference. More than that—the people who man our institutions at the critical places tend to be people of advantage, and when other people of advantage commit crimes they tend to be able to understand those crimes. I think you would find the business community thinks it outrageous that an executive should be sent to jail for price fixing. Take one of these big outfits and poll them—they think this is absolutely outrageous. To me, it's every bit as immoral as picking a pocket or stealing.

Q: You claim that our national character and condition create the capabilities for crime. Apply that theory to corporate crimes and political crimes.

RC: The history of the frontier which necessarily involved us in violence, the introduction of slavery, the bloody Civil War which few nations in history have suffered, the Industrial Revolution that came so much quicker in this country—in my judgment all these have combined to create a capacity for anti-social conduct, and it's just manifested in the opportunity you have at hand. Bank presidents embezzle rather than rob banks because it's easier for them to embezzle and you don't get prison sentences generally for embezzling, while you do for robbing.

Q: But you haven't answered my question as to what it is in our national character that makes a corporate or political crook.

RC: Violence is such a degrading thing that it creates a looseness in our national character. It creates the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capacity to achieve by nonviolent means what others seek by violence. So some rob and others embezzle. Corporations are just people—that's all they are. They're subject to the same weaknesses as people are. I think that there is a moral erosion, a dehumanization inherent in mass population and urbanization and we have to strive mightily to overcome it. Dehumanization necessarily means that it doesn't affect me if I take your property or if I destroy some property capriciously or even if I hurt you, because I'm not sensitive to that, whether I'm vice president of the trust company or a kid who thinks of himself as a 17-year-old bomber living in the ghetto.

Q: You mention that all major candidates break the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. You claim that it is "impossible to comply with such unrealistic limits. Evasion is forced, because the practicalities and prior practice leave no choice." I am bothered by your use of the word "impossible," and by your saying that they were "forced" to break the law, as if this excuses them from prosecution. Later you write that conscience may force a Thoreau, a Gandhi, or a Martin Luther King to break the law, and yet you say that in these instances, "Only if laws are enforced will there be a firm place, a foundation against which forces of change can push. Then reform is possible, unjust and unwise laws can be repealed, and the law can assume its real role of moral leadership." Why are you so adamant about pressing the law against civil disobedience but quite the reverse in cases of political disobedience?

RC: I hope that extrapolation isn't in context. Here is the problem as I experienced it personally with the Corrupt Practices Act. . . .

Q: Did you file any cases?

RC: No. I thought it would be impossible to do equal justice. There were violators in every department, and all the candidates for political office. There was quite a bit of publicity about guys over in agriculture and a guy in the post office department—little guys. There had been some solicitation for campaigns. I was urged to prosecute. That to me would have been the most arbitrary use of the law. I sat right there in the Department of Justice from 1961 and got solicitations from the Republican National Committee—a violation of the law. Apparently they had a computer that automatically put new names onto their mailing list. If they haven't got that machine straightened out, they're still soliciting the Justice Department. Maybe they're getting some contributions now. The law can fall into a terrible state of neglect. We have hundreds of statutes on the books that are constantly ignored. I think we have to clean those things up. I do subscribe to the idea that sometimes the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it vigorously, but I cannot enforce it discriminatorily. That is the intolerable use of the law. Where you have a general breakdown of the law in an area like this, what you have to do is say, starting now and giving fair warning, anyone who violates this law will be prosecuted. We did that in the summer of 1968.

Q: So carrying out your warning would have depended on what happened in 1968, with prosecution thereafter, which was not done.

RC: That's right.

Q: Nevertheless, elsewhere you write: "No matter how difficult or seemingly harmful or unfortunate they prove, the prosecutor must stand on the facts and the law. . . . If, in his judgment, the facts indicate that a Dr. Benjamin Spock has violated the law, a prosecutor has a duty to indict—or resign—even though he may believe the person to be morally right." Did you feel maybe you were getting a little arbitrary with Spock? He wasn't advocating anything that thousands of others haven't publicly advocated without being prosecuted. Why did you single him out?

RC: He participated in a series of acts that had as their purpose the paralysis of the Selective Service System—he offered an inducement to hundreds of thousands of

young men to refuse to step forward, so to speak. There's all the difference between what he did on the one hand, and what is done in an area of uncontrolled breakdown of the law. There was no general breakdown in the Selective Service Act as there is in, say, the Corrupt Practices Act. You can't prosecute everybody in Congress. And how are you going to prosecute everybody running for President? Or take antitrust—you can't file seventy-five or a hundred cases a year—and you could find that many cases in one city in one year, if you really worked at it. You must have priorities, and when you've established your enforcement priorities, then you've got to be very

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sure that you enforce the laws evenhandedly and not discriminatorily.

Q: Were you pressured by LBJ to file the charges against Spock?

RC: The President had no knowledge of it.

Q: What got you so exercised? The reason I ask is that you are such a devotee of free speech and of dissent in this book, that I can almost see you in the march at the Pentagon.

RC: If I hadn't been in office, I might have been. Probably would have been.

Q: Did you actually think that what Spock and his friends did might result in a breakdown of the Selective Service System?

RC: Yeah, of course there was a risk of it. The government has to defend the integrity of its functions. The question of whether the functions are morally right or wrong is for the process to determine, not for the prosecutor to determine. And I thought the system, the integrity of the system of Selective Service, was jeopardized —and maybe it should be—but I thought the system had the responsibility to do what it said and stand up for it, and that's what we tried to do.

Q: About the powerlessness of a certain level of citizen, you write: "He should vote? Forty-seven million qualified to vote in 1968 failed to vote for a President, while only 31 million voted for Richard Nixon. He should write his Congressman? How can a Congressman serve half a million people? He should go to the employment commission? He waited there three days last week. He should complain to public officials? They are so harassed they cannot answer their mail, or worse, answer in platitudes. He should talk to the superintendent of schools? It's easier to see the President of the United States." I think that's very well stated. So how does that citizen get help? How does he get power?

RC: Well, I think this is one of the central questions and needs of our time. I don't really subscribe to the theory that there are guys who are managing this whole situation—I think it's more out of control than in control. Take the 100 most powerful people in New York City and ask them why they are permitting garbage to get stacked up and the air so bad and transportation so terrible, and they'd be amazed to think they could do anything about it. Who, me? What can I do? I think it's imperative that we share power; that's what community action is about; that's what participatory democracy in these places is about, I don't think we can be efficient any other way, and to share power means we're going to have to give people capacity to affect things that are most important to them—the quality of their police, the quality of their schools, the quality of their garbage collection.

Q: But granting the accuracy of the paragraph I just read, it seems so hopeless. Is there any chance of reforming the system in your lifetime?

RC: Sure. I think I'll see it different if I live a normal life span. We're going to see it, or we're not going to make it. What's going to bring it about? We're going to have to make the science of institutional change our major effort, and the science of human attitudinal change. Going to have to come to grips with things—technology is not going to make moral judgments; we're going to have to make moral judgments and apply them to technology. We can change institutions; we've got to overcome our fear of change and realize that not only is it inevitable but it's desirable. It's opportunity and life force and we have just got to stop resisting it so ardently and endeavor to guide it for the benefit of the human condition. We've got to realize that we're interdependent now, that mere acquisitiveness which really came from a time of scarcity will not permit us to survive.

Q: Everything you say any decent person will applaud, but I'm talking in terms of the 535 nitwits in Congress and what you call a criminal justice system that is one in theory only. You describe realistically a very hopeless situation, and when I say, how is it going to be changed, you say, well it must change, it can change. I repeat—how will it change? Can you see human nature changing on Capitol Hill?

RC: I think it can and will. It's going to come awfully quick and we will be amazed. There are things that work, there really are. We can involve people in the democratic process by a single technique and that's the universal voter enrollment. We can bring 27 million of those 47 million who didn't participate into the process in two years. I think it would be a beginning. I think you'd find politicians suddenly more receptive to a new constituency. There are some good bills up there now. Look how long it took for Medicare to come and how poorly it came, and look where we are already on a guaranteed annual income. It's perfectly obvious, has been for some time, that we've got to have a guaranteed annual income. It will come much more quickly from the time it's in a political platform to the time it's a fact of life. We're totally interdependent and have to do these things, and we'll do them more quickly as we realize it, if we're lucky, before disaster hits us.

Q: You make it clear in your book that some judges are almost unhinged in their judgments of some types of crime. How widespread is this warped attitude on the bench?

RC: I think judges are about as unstable as ordinary folks, on the average. That can be pretty unstable—you remember Dr. Langner's report. He said 12 per cent of the 1,034 kids between 10 and 18 years he surveyed for five years in Manhattan had severe mental illness—that's in the book. And 28 per cent of those with families on welfare—one in four. These are the types of kids where we find Sirhan and Oswald. But the bench has its idiosyncrasies.

Q: David Miller [first draft-card burner] served every day of his three years. He didn't get off a single day. Is that a sane approach to such a "dangerous" criminal?

RC: No, it's an insane approach. It's a denial of equal justice.

Q: You point out that 90 per cent of the lawyers' time is spent on 10 per cent of the people. What have you to say about the noble attitude of the legal profession that this reflects?

RC: That may not be correct, but I think it is. I didn't intend to judge but just to describe. I think we need to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know this fact, though—it means that millions have no rights.

Q: You make the point that nothing corrupts a police force like laws that are impossible to enforce. You say: "We try to prohibit things that people want—gambling, drugs, money at excessive rates of interest, prostitution, liquor—knowing we lack the means and the will to fully enforce our own prohibition." Again, I can't understand your tone of defeatism. You concede that some states are free of the organized crime that exists only on flesh habits. Are you saying that in some states people like to gamble and whore and take drugs, and that people in other states don't? If you're *not* saying that, then it would seem to me that laws restricting these activities are enforceable.

RC: I think the point there is that the essential conditions for the existence of organized crime are masses of poor and powerless people. You kick them around; you supply them with these things. You watch the drug traffic when it spreads to the suburbs—it's not organized. How could it be? In the first place, it could never have the crackdowns, the discipline that organized crime requires—there's too much free-lance opportunity out there. So the poor people are the foundation of organized crime. The second requisite is over-criminalization. And third, corruption of cops and prosecutors.

Q: Are you running for any office? Are you available?

RC: I don't look at it in either of those two ways. I am—this sounds corny—concerned about this country. I have a hangup about that. I think we're in trouble, and I'm going to try to find ways to lend a hand. I'm concerned about racism, civil rights, civil liberties and freedom. I worry about the quality of life and international violence. I don't have anything else that really interests me, so I am going to try to lend a hand in those areas. This year I have been campaigning for guys whom I believe in—every one is a peace candidate, because peace is the first priority, as far as I can see. More than one have been Republicans.

Q: Will you be running for something in 1972?

RC: Can't tell—don't know. There are groups around who are mentioning my name, but this is a big country. I've never been in politics, in the sense that I have run for office. Just one of the defects in my experience—never participated in a campaign, so don't know how to measure those things. There are people who talk to me, people who think they're working for me; some I don't even know. Met a bunch from North Carolina who had been writing to me for six months or a year—they came in last Friday, about twenty-five or thirty, mostly kids, university students. I see that sort of thing happening—I'm not going to walk away from it. If I had to judge myself, and I don't intend to on this subject, I think I'm not a political personality. I don't think I'm a partisan person. The history of my family has been—well, I guess I had a grandfather who ran for governor on the Prohibition ticket. The rest were Democrats, as far as I know. I don't detect any personal ambition in myself. □

POLITICS OF DEAD CENTER

THE ARTIFICIAL MAJORITY

THEODORE J. LOWI
Mr. Lowi, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago, is the author of At the Pleasure of the Mayor: Patronage and Power in New York City, 1898-1958 *(Free Press), and* The End of Liberalism *(Norton).* The Politics of Disorder *will be forthcoming from Basic Books.*

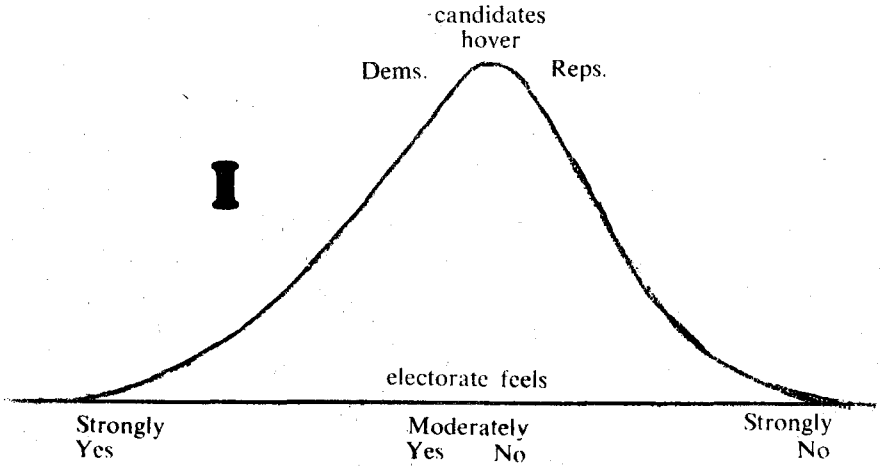
The election of 1970 was an overwhelming bore. James Reston observed in *The New York Times* that "None have come forward," and he, like many others, had in mind such leaders as Humphrey, Muskie, Stevenson, Bayh, McGovern, Tunney, Kennedy, Mondale, Hart, and House members and gubernatorial candidates too numerous to mention. On the Republican side, many candidates stuck like barnacles to their Democratic opponents, and couldn't be pried loose to give voters a clear view of the difference. Humphrey ran a virtual law-and-order campaign; Stevenson absolutely avoided distinction until late in the campaign; Tunney seemed just younger, not better.

The only excitement was the uncertainty of outcome in a few states. But if politics is to be more than a winter replacement for night baseball, mere excitement is not enough.

There was only one surprise, and it was not the stridency of Spiro Agnew. What he did was absolutely typical of Republicans, especially at the end of periods of war, when there is usually a Republican majority and a bit of panic in the air as to whether all the killing accomplished anything toward ridding the world of America's enemies. If it had not been Agnew, some other figure would have taken the lead that Nixon took during the 1950s. The surprise was the frailty of the liberals, liberal Democrats mainly, but Republican liberals as well. It was the unwillingness of these people to bring to the electorate the message that the country is in trouble; the reluctance of these usually thoughtful public men to define our problems in terms that might lead to meaningful public policies. The surprise lay in their willingness to let Agnew define the agenda and the terms of discourse. In politics, as in the courtroom, he who does that has gone a long way toward winning the debate.

Of course, it was not a matter of personal frailty. These men have all demonstrated courage upon occasion. There is something about the political system itself that explains their espousal of politics-as-usual at a time when everything else is unusual. So the question really is: what kind of electoral and party system do we have that it can be impervious to social change and disorder?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How the Electorate Looks to the Candidates

Part of the answer lies in the assumption of centrality, which goes back to Locke and passes to us through a host of American historians and political scientists. It supposes that the American spirit is, as the statistician would say, "normally distributed." Americans, it is argued, think very much alike about many fundamental things. And when they disagree, they do not clash with much passion. Only a very small percentage of the population feels intensely about issues, and they are best treated as exceptions, as intellectual outsiders. Extreme disagreement means unwillingness to compromise, and that violates one of the unwritten but sacred rules of American politics. The attitudes of Americans are assumed to distribute themselves like the model given in Diagram I.

That is not necessarily a true description of Americans. It is only a model, but it is the model that political personalities carry around in their heads. They did not need to be told by Scammon and Wattenberg. They might have been surprised to learn from *The Real Majority* that the electorate had moved a bit to the right; but no one could tell the candidates, and no one tried to tell them, that the mass of voters had ceased to hover around dead center.

This assumption is reinforced by the opinion polls, but in a peculiar way. It is doubtful that the polls influence people by reporting results with which the previously uncommitted align themselves. The more likely explanation is a "McLuhan effect"—the medium is indeed the message. Polling agencies, first of all, ask only certain questions; there is simply no room for everything on the questionnaire. Often the only issues touched upon are those that have been on the agenda for some time, and it is probable that for many of these, opinion hovers around the center.

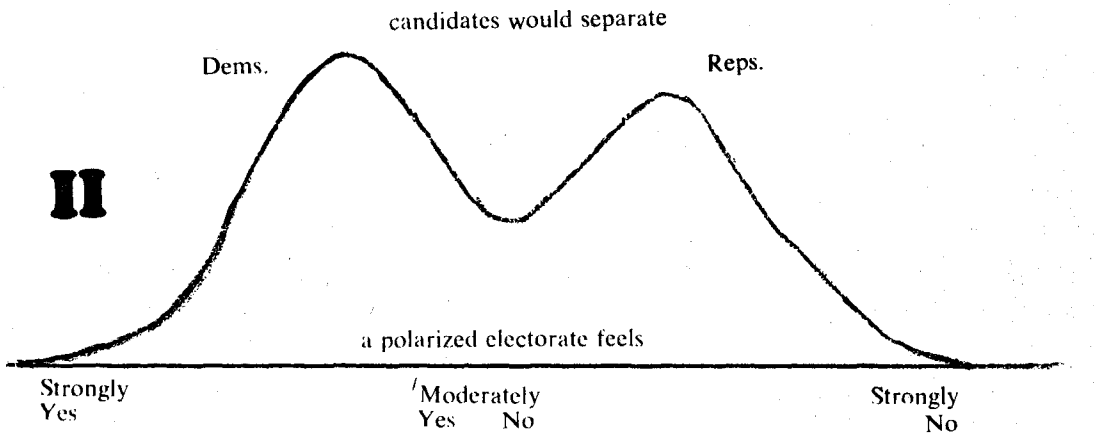
A second important factor in polling is the way in which questions are asked and responses are structured. For example, the respondent may be asked how he feels about "the law-and-order issue," and he will have to pick a single response (either For or Against; or Strongly For, For, Against, Strongly Against—"Please check only one"). Or the question could be more specific: "Do you favor appropriating more money for the local police department?" In either case, the respondent on the usual opinion poll cannot expand on his response. Instead, he undertakes an inner dialogue, trying to balance all his plusses and minuses in order to give the interviewer his best accounting, which is really a complex response expressed in terribly simple terms. It is a "net response," a "Well, yes and no," or a "Well, I don't know," or, to be safe, a "moderate Yes" or "Maybe not."

The polling agency must then code these responses for entry on computer cards. These "net responses" have to be treated centrally, as moderate yesses and noes. At one level that is accurate; yet many of these middle-ground respondents may actually feel very intensely about certain

The Best Way
To Get
THE NATION

THE NATION N12-7
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014
☐ One Year, $12.50
☐ Two Years, $23.00
☐ 6 Months, $7.50
Payment Enclosed
(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How the Electorate Actually Looks on Some Issues

aspects of the questions, but were given no opportunity on the questionnaire to express these intensities. The result is reaffirmation of the assumption of centrality. Reaffirmation is putting it too mildly. The polls lend Scientific Validation to the assumption of centrality.

Two most important results flow from this assumption of centrality. First, if candidates or parties believe that voters are overwhelmingly in the middle, it would be irrational of them to develop appeals and campaign strategies that were not center-oriented. Exactly the same problem arises in merchandising. Competing service stations occupy all four corners of a single intersection, where the traffic patterns are concentrated. To move slightly away from that center would be to move from the site of best exposure. Similarly, the candidates feel that, if they moved "away from center," they would be moving down the slope of the curve, where obviously there are fewer voters—if it is true that they are so distributed.

Over the years, a few major party candidates—Taft and Goldwater are the most important examples—have made a different assumption. They thought it more probable that voters were distinctly partisan and tended to distribute themselves "bi-modally," like a camel's hump, rather than in a single, central mode. In that case it would be rational to move to one or the other side of center, as suggested in Diagram II. Only Goldwater got a Presidential nomination and the opportunity to test this theory. His defeat does not necessarily prove that there are no clearly divisive issues in the country, but it obviously convinced most candidates for all public offices that the centricity assumption was the safest.

The second result of assuming centricity is the self-fulfilling prophecy. If candidates assume that voters are moderate and centrally distributed, and if they conduct their appeals accordingly, they help bring about that very situation.

This second consequence is not as simple as it sounds, because it does not happen merely because the politicians influence thousands of voters to be moderate by making moderate appeals. That may be the effect in a few cases, but more often something else happens, as we can see all too clearly in the 1970 campaigns.

Centricity prevails, first of all, because the candidates give the voters no choice but centricity. Even if the polls did not tilt the responses in favor of moderation, the candidates would. They hang together so closely around a mean that voters must vote for a middle-of-the-road position or stay home.

And even that is not the most important part of the process. How do candidates hang close together? They do it by "strategic obfuscation." In other words, they define the issues in terms so general that each candidate can virtually subsume the other. That is why the Democrats let the Agnew Republicans define the terms of discourse in 1970, why they so readily accepted "Law and Order" as the issue.

Law and Order is a generalized concept, a basket phrase that includes six, eight, even ten specific issues. Supporting this generalized form of law and order, the Democratic candidate could say, "I'm for Law and Order—with justice," as the Republicans were saying, "I'm for Law and Order—with safety." Thus they create the impression of debate, while in fact they agree to define as irrelevant to the campaign the specific issues that are part of the law-and-order basket.

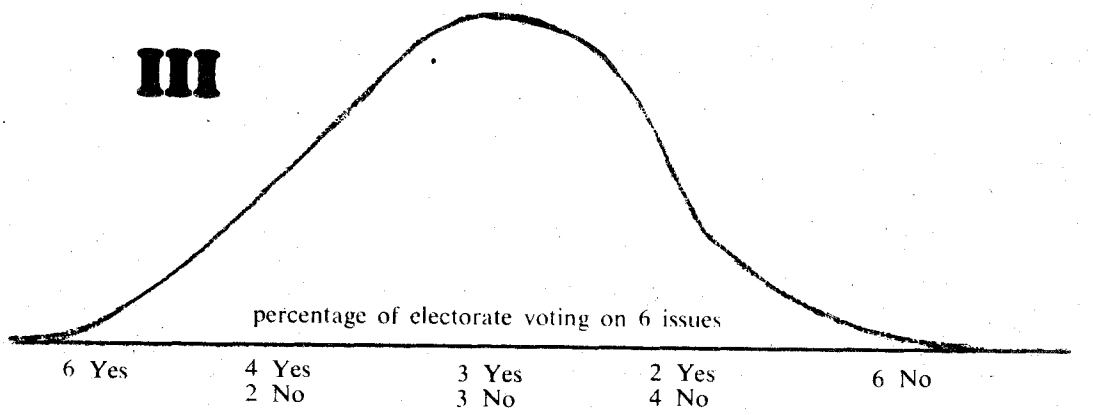
At least two things follow from this. First, each voter goes through the same internal dialogue as does the respondent to an opinion poll. He has only one vote and must use it according to his own balancing of the various issues in the law-and-order package. This pulls him toward the center because, if he is to vote at all, he must vote "on net" as a Democrat or a Republican.

But a second, fascinating thing happens: the extremes are eliminated statistically! Let us say that six hard-core issues are hidden underneath the candidate's definition of law and order. Let us even propose that the electorate is polarized on all six of these, so that voter distributions

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How the Electorate Actually Looks When Six (or more) Polarized Issues are Presented Simultaneously.

on attitudes toward racial integration, student radicals, police powers and restraints, preventive detention, the Black Panthers and unilateral withdrawal are all bimodal, like the camel's hump, with most voters intensely for or intensely against. See then what happens when the six are treated simultaneously under the law-and-order concept, rather than one issue at a time, as in a real debate.

Diagram III is the almost inevitable result of grouping issues in one basket, because the same people are not intensely for or against all the issues. Racial questions are salient to certain voters, who will feel intensely "yes" or "no" about questions in that field. But many of these people care little one way or another about preventive detention or students. Thus only a very few highly militant types will be consistent *and* intense on all six (or eight or ten) issues.

You can be almost certain that when politicians advance conglomerate rather than specific definitions of issues they will produce, quite artificially, the impression of centrality. In effect, the Real Majority is an Artificial Majority, created by artifice, and in fact combining very unlike positions. As the great political scientist E.E. Schattschneider put it thirty years ago, "Persuasion is unnecessary or secondary. Politicians take people as they find them. The politician has a technical specialty based on a profitable discovery about the behavior of numbers."

This explains the paradox of political quiescence in the midst of social disorder. When they can, politicians avoid polarized issues; when avoidance becomes impossible, they lump controversies together and thus cancel out the extremes. This is probably the controlling reason why American electoral and party politics are so stable, and so isolated from the big issues of the day. It also suggests that, as the social turmoil increases, the separation between party politics and society becomes ever greater.

This pattern also suggests why there is rarely much to be gained from looking to party and electoral politics as agents of great changes. American party politics is designed to maintain the system. It maintains good things about the system, and it militates against removing bad things. And once change comes, usually through other channels, party politics adjusts and maintains the change as well. For example, a party politics all by itself would never have spread suffrage to Southern blacks; but once the suffrage was expanded, a party politics emerged to help realize a more effective participation.

Once in a great while political parties and elections do become channels of change. Students of these critical elections, particularly V. O. Key, Dean Burnham and Duncan MacRae, have located perhaps five national elections in 180 years that directly produced significant changes in the system. The last such "critical election" was probably 1928 (when Herbert Hoover defeated Alfred Smith), following which parties were for a brief while organized in ways relevant to making significant public policies. Students of these matters have probably been expecting another critical election for several years now, since the conditions again seem ripe. But one has not come because the polls have made politicians far more rational than they used to be, and rationality hath made cowards of them all.

It now strikes them as being safer and surer to follow the opinion pattern than to try occasionally to shape it. They fail to realize that in trying to follow opinion they are in fact shaping it—through the mechanism of the self-fulfilling prophecy.

Consequently, change will come, if it does, from forces and organizations outside the party-political system. The election just held was good proof of this, for there has never been a better opportunity for candidates to embrace change. Changes come through social movements, through cumulative shifts of emphasis in education, through scientific breakthroughs, through an occasional muckraking book. Changes often come through more aristocratic channels, such as Supreme Court decisions or capitalistic advancement of important new technologies.

We need to revise our outlook toward campaigns and elections. Party and electoral politics can be understood only if accepted as the way to buy stability—Law and Order in the broadest sense. When we want a little productive disorder, we must look elsewhere. And if in large numbers we were to turn away from party politics, treating elections as the great bore they have become, perhaps that would bring on a critical election, because politicians would try a little harder to get our attention. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STYLISH 'HEADS'

TURNING ON IN SOCIETY

MAITLAND ZANE
Mr. Zane is a novelist and a writer for the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Remember the hip flasks of Prohibition? Nowadays on Park Avenue and in Pacific Heights the daring fashion is to smoke grass. Thirty years ago, virtually the only people who smoked tea, as it was then called, were outcasts—jazz musicians, artists, blacks, Mexican-Americans. Even in the early 1960s, pot smoking was considered by most middle-class white people to be *outré*, scandalous, dangerous, criminal. Then came The Pill, Vietnam, rock music, sexual liberation, widespread alienation from the America of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. And what John Kaplan, professor of law at Stanford, calls the "drug explosion."

Nowadays it's not just the longhairs of Cambridge and Berkeley who are into marijuana. It's also their little brothers and sisters, some as young as 9. And for the first time, their parents—and grandparents.

Kaplan, who as an Assistant U.S. Attorney ten years ago used to send drug offenders to jail, has written the definitive book on the subject, *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* (World). But neither he nor any other expert I have questioned is able to say with any certainty how much marijuana is being used, and by what kinds of people.

Dr. Joel Fort, an internationally known drug consultant and former director of the San Francisco Health Department's Center for Special Problems, estimates that 20 million Americans have smoked grass, but he concedes that it is only a well-informed guess. The experts do agree that pot smoking is most prevalent at the nation's elite colleges—a recent graduate of the Stanford Business School told me that 70 per cent of his class smoked grass, and he was reasonably sure that the same percentage of "heads" was to be found at Stanford Law School.

The experts also agree that the Devil Drug (as the Hearst Sunday supplements used to call it in the late 1930s) is much more common among members of certain professions—journalism, medicine, the law, architecture, the arts. But while the Beautiful People now consider it chic to turn on at cocktail and dinner parties ("It's a modern version of passing the port," said my wealthy Stanford Business School spy), grass as yet is not at all common among middle-class and blue-collar adults. Middle America is still on juice, not pot.

"I'm a member of the booze generation, darling, not the pot generation," said a fashionable San Francisco hostess of 40, and many of her friends echoed this rather wistfully. Mrs. A. throws the kind of arty-intellectual parties where joints are passed around freely in the kitchen. But her husband doesn't turn on ("I can't get high—I must have a psychic block"), and Mrs. A. doesn't *really* enjoy the sensation: the slowing down of time, the giggles, the occasional paranoia, the disorientation and other effects. However, she wants to be with it, and since most of her friends are Into Pot she takes a drag when the joint is passed around.

Being uptight about grass is still the rule, and closet heads are very common indeed—parents, for example, who pretend that they don't smoke, "to set a good example" for the children.

One such parent, a woman of about 50, recently threw a big costume party here. As the servants flitted about serving drinks and dinner she whispered, "We can't turn on yet. I'm uptight with my husband and son around." Her husband, a big drinker and heir to a fortune, told me he had smoked grass perhaps five times in his life, "but it never did anything for me." Because he disapproved, and because his wife's 18-year-old son was there, and because a consul general was at the party, nobody lit up until after midnight, by which time husband and son had gone off to bed and the diplomat had gone home.

After that, the character of the party changed, from brittle gaiety to a kind of muted, inward-looking torpor, with nobody saying much and people laughing for no apparent reason. Grass is strange in that it reinforces the existing mood. Friends become friendlier; enemies find that the bad vibes intensify; lovers have the feeling that they can see into each others' souls.

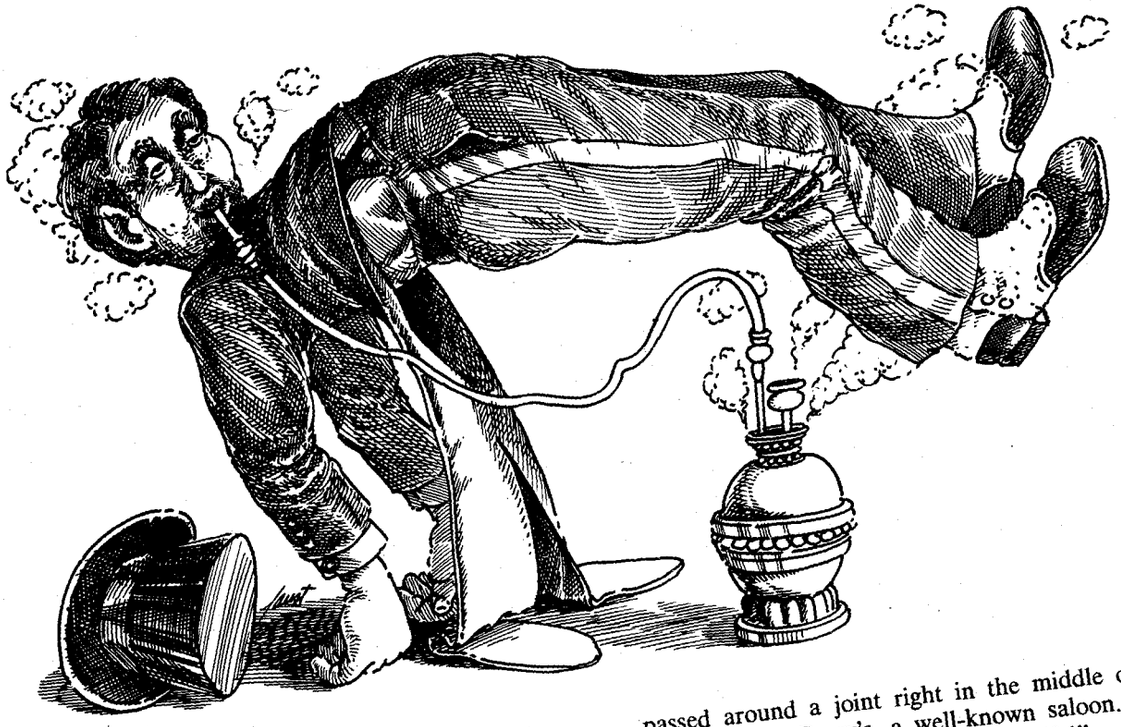
People use grass as a tranquilizer, as a mind-expander, for sex, since it tends (at least according to many people I have talked with) to make intercourse more dreamy and the orgasm last longer. "The rumor was that pot improved sex," the wife of a very social architect said. "I found out the rumor was true." Her story sounds like a hip soap opera: about the time she discovered grass she began to realize that she was married to a square. They are now getting a divorce and her new boy friend and she talk about how nice it is to "ball when zonked." "Outasight, man!" cries this renegade from Miss Porter's.

Where do the Beautiful People get their grass? The men get it from the office boy, many of whom "deal dope," or from their younger brothers in college, or from friends who turn on.

San Francisco chuckled recently about the rags-to-riches career of a gentleman pusher we'll call John the Connection. John is retired now and breeding horses up north, but for several years he paid regular calls on the best-known brokerage houses and banks in Montgomery Street. He looked like a young tycoon—expensive chalk-stripe suits, handmade English shoes, a beautiful alligator attaché case from Mark Cross.

Inside that "samples" case were lids and keys of Acapulco Gold and Michoacan, ounce hunks of hash, capsules of LSD, mescalin, whatever the customers wanted, all laid out neat and tidy. His prices were inflated, but John always delivered excellent goods, and while everybody

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



else was moaning about the recession, he cleaned up.

San Francisco's financial district has two gift shops which do a big business in "head" supplies—"patriotic" rolling papers that look like tiny flags, roach holders, hash pipes, water pipes, all displayed in the front window.

Society women get grass from their hairdressers and their decorators, perhaps from their children if they're open enough. One woman told me her hairdresser takes her into his back office occasionally, where they smoke a joint and have a cosy natter. "There is about as much enforcement of the marijuana laws in Pacific Heights as there was of the liquor laws in Chicago during Prohibition," said Professor Kaplan. "Even if the cops knew there was a pot party going on, I'd bet they wouldn't raid it."

San Francisco, with an enormous population of homosexuals, is tolerant of "deviant" behavior, and this extends to pot smokers. Nowadays, instead of being jailed, they're routinely put on probation. Fourteen hundred otherwise law-abiding people were dealt with in that way during the first nine months of 1970.

Still, what keeps many people away from the weed is the fear of getting busted. A couple I met had been smoking grass off and on for nearly thirty years—the wife, who went to Sarah Lawrence way back when it was "chic to have a Jewish boy friend," remembers getting turned on outside the old Onyx Club in 1943. But she and her husband, a third-generation member of the Pacific-Union Club (the most establishment club in town), have given up pot. "We even used to turn on occasionally with the children," said Mr. J. "But we stopped because of the heat. Pot's not wrong, liquor is more harmful, but it's not worth getting sent to jail."

Mr. J. tossed down a large Scotch and shuddered about the night he and two younger friends got so stoned (drunk-stoned, not pot-stoned) at a party that they recklessly passed around a joint right in the middle of the Friday night mob at Perry's, a well-known saloon. "Christ," he said, "I might have gotten 86'ed for life!"

The only first-hand account of an authentic bad trip off grass or its big brother, hashish, that I have heard came from a close friend, who chose to be described as an international shipper. He told of being turned on three years ago by a woman friend who had a water pipe and some hash, and of experiencing the hallucinations and paranoia that continued into the next day, when he took his son to Stanford to be interviewed for admission. "I couldn't walk, I couldn't talk, I couldn't eat," he recalled. "I was in a cold sweat. I was sure the Dean of Admissions was thinking, 'You creep!' "

But euphoria is more the rule. Dr. Richard Blum, a Stanford teacher who has written several books about drugs, including *The Utopiates* (Atherton), said: "The message has come through to adults that pot doesn't lead to heroin addiction, that the ill effects are minimal, that it's one-in-a-million chance they'll be caught.

"It's part of our pleasure-seeking society. Parents smoke it to stay young, to communicate with their kids, to be *avant-garde*. A roach is a bridge, and they're burning their bridges."

Dr. Joel Fort is against the stuff, just as he is against all the chemicals people are swallowing these days to make life tolerable. "Pot entered the adult generation from the youth scene, and now people are overglorifying it, just as they do alcohol."

He believes grass will be legal by the end of the 1970s, by which time the tobacco and alcohol industries will have realized there's big money to be made out of the weed. "Smoking anything is bad," said Dr. Fort. "It's polluting your lungs. No drug is totally harmless. All drugs have some potential danger. Alcohol and tobacco are our most dangerous drugs today. And no drug is as dangerous as a gun or a hydrogen bomb." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Word Is Technetronic

BETWEEN TWO AGES: America's Role in the Technetronic Era. *By Zbigniew Brzezinski. The Viking Press. 334 pp. $7.95.*

PETER STEINFELS
Mr. Steinfels is associate editor of Commonweal.

America, Zbigniew Brzezinski argues, is "between two ages," between the industrial age and the post-industrial or technetronic age, in which society will be "shaped culturally, psychologically, socially, and economically by the impact of technology and electronics—particularly in the area of computers and communications." America is in the midst of its third and most profound revolution. It is "the world's social laboratory" where "the crucial dilemmas of our age manifest themselves most starkly"; and, as such, it is undergoing a crisis of both values and institutions.

This thesis is not new. Its most rigorous formulation can be found in the essays which Daniel Bell has devoted to "the post-industrial society" during the past four years. Alvin Toffler's *Future Shock* is a detailed and colorful, if often one-dimensional, portrait of "super-industrialism." In Europe, Jean-François Revel, with a somewhat different emphasis, argues that the United States, having outstripped the industrialized nations, is the natural leader of world revolution.

Opponents of the war in Vietnam recall Brzezinski as one of the most formidable defenders of U.S. policy. Five years ago, at a session of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences' Commission on the Year 2000, Brzezinski could be heard advocating a variety of technocratic Gaullism for the United States which would be "democratic" in "a libertarian negative sense." Fundamental political choices would not be made democratically, but "certain areas of automony for individual self-expression" would be maintained.

One can only imagine the tumult had such words flitted from the lips of Mr. Herbert Marcuse; but Brzezinski, a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, was chosen as the Democratic candidate's foreign policy adviser during the 1968 Presidential campaign. That is to say, he is Hubert Humphrey's Henry Kissinger. It does add something to the reading of this book to realize that but for 310,638 votes, the quality of mind and the convictions exhibited therein might now be a life-or-death matter for all of us.

Zbigniew Brzezinski does not fill in the outline of what life would be like in the "technetronic era"; instead he asserts that great transformation as the starting point for a world tour of both the geographic and ideological continents. He asks some of the questions young political scientists accuse their discipline of neglecting: "Can man master science for fundamentally humane ends? Can liberty and equality coexist, and do so in a multiracial environment? Can merit and achievement flourish without special privilege? Can technology be socially creative without inducing excessive social control? Can a society with diverse beliefs avoid complete disbelief? . . . How are choices made? Why are they made? By whom are they made?" The author of *Between Two Ages* does not seem to be the supremely confident Brzezinski who stated in 1965 that innovative policy-making had been "most effective and imaginative in technology, in defense, in foreign policy on a broad level, in developing foreign programs—in areas of public policy that are the least susceptible to domestic pressures."

But Brzezinski does insist on his optimism. In a kind of pre-emptive strike against reviewers, he suggests, not so subtly, that those who disagree with his outlook are "apocalyptic," a condition which in his circles is apparently the intellectual equivalent of a social disease. In any case, Brzezinski's optimism never fails to shine through the grayest of the technetronic clouds, sometimes because of more generous attitudes he sees emerging, sometimes on account of the possibilities for global dialogue and understanding he sees in the new technology, sometimes, it seems, by dint of sheer will power.

His world tour is no rose-tinted travelogue, however. The Third World is "a victim of the technetronic revolution." Whatever development takes place, in a world "electronically intermeshed," the revolution of rising expectations will sour into the vinegar of "insatiable aspirations." Exalted nationalism, xenophobia and charismatic rule by personal dictators may result from the effort to substitute a subjective, emotional equality for an unattainable, objective equality.

Traditional dogmas—institutionalized Marxism and organized Christianity—are no less the victims of the new age, which speeds their disintegration by spreading education and disseminating alternate models. This will be, in one of Brzezinski's happiest phrases, "The Age of Volatile Belief"—potentially "an era of fads, of rapidly shifting beliefs, with emotions providing some of the unifying cement previously supplied by institutions. . . ." Freedom demands a diversity of belief, but "fluid, fragile, and fragmentary ideas cannot provide either lasting insight or an enduring basis for action." And Brzezinski feels that "given the choice between social and intellectual disorder—and by this is not meant anything that even approaches a revolutionary situation—and authoritarian personal leadership, it is very probable that even some constitutional and liberal democratic societies would opt for the latter."

Brzezinski surveys the state of the Communist world and considers the likelier alternative paths for Soviet development, most of them dreary. As for the necessary "redefinition of the American system," the New Left has nothing to contribute ("infantile ideology . . . Luddites . . . obsolescent force . . . transient phenomenon"), while liberalism suffers from a combination of ills: devotion to statist solutions, dogmatic skepticism toward deeply ingrained popular convictions, a hesitation to defend procedural democracy. Power in America, Brzezinski writes, might slip permanently into the hands of a conservative but technologically innovative elite who "would not hesitate to achieve its political ends by using the latest modern techniques for influencing public behavior and keeping society under close surveillance and control." Along the way, the racial crisis might be resolved in either of two ways, which Brzezinski describes at some length; two words might do as well: genocide or apartheid. He does not foresee a global village but a global *city*, complete with crime in the streets, pollution, noise, frenetic activity and miserable ghettos.

Clearly, Brzezinski's middle name is not Pollyanna. But, please, neither is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mine "Apocalyptic" if I find his book something less than satisfying.

There is, at the simplest level, the question of fact. The book is filled with statements of doubtful accuracy. To take one example, Brzezinski writes of "significant, and even accelerating, shifts in income distribution . . . the strengthening of the middle levels of American society . . . symptomatic of greater social egalitarianism. . . ." Unfortunately, the table he presents as evidence reveals no greater egalitarianism at all; and in the volume, *Toward a Social Report,* which elsewhere he terms "an extremely useful summary of present trends in America," he could have read: "Although overall income levels are high and rising, the distribution of income in the United States has remained practically unchanged in the last 20 years."

Examples could be multiplied. He repeats unproved (and disproved) saws about the sources of support for the New Left. His discussion of the crisis of "doctrinaire liberalism" and "pragmatic liberalism" is without benefit of specifics: of names, issues, legislation, elections; and I suspect that the intrusion of any of these details would shatter his schema.

More important is the puzzling place which Brzezinski's central notion, the onset of a new era, plays in his argument. Writing in a recent issue of *Social Policy,* Norman Birnbaum has pointed out the extent to which the notion of a "post-industrial society" remains a hypothesis in search of evidence—at least insofar as it signifies fundamental shifts in the social structure which would render past political theorizing obsolete. Certainly Brzezinski, as already noted, does not fill in the speculative sketch with detailed evidence. In fact, there is, throughout his book, a curious gap between the radical novelty announced and the familiar analysis presented. We are told that the new age demands intellectuals who have mastered "the techniques of computers, mathematics, systems control, and the like"; and yet Brzezinski's discussion depends not at all upon such mastery. We are told that the transitional crisis "calls for a re-definition of the American system"; and yet Brzezinski's specific recommendations are, for the most part, exactly the sort intelligent liberals have commonly offered: target planning for the economy according to the loose, French model, stronger local government with new participatory institutions, technology evaluation, special programs for the black community, a breakup of the nursery school-to-Ph.D. educational treadmill, the decentralization of the communications media, a curtailment of U.S. military presence abroad. Why then the "technetronic era"? When the house is collapsing, one can tell the landlord what repairs he had better make without announcing a new epoch in civilization.

The hypothesis of a new era has its uses, however. First, by positing a radically changed reality, it allows the author to discard social criticism that displeases him, as obsolete, anachronistic, nostalgic, as "faded revolutionary slogans of the past" or 19th-century ideologizing. He can admit the asymmetrical relationship between the United States and less developed nations in terms that one might consider damning, but reject the term *imperialism* because it predates "the crucial dimension of the technological-scientific revolution." He can praise Marx as the greatest social thinker since Jesus without feeling obligated to apply any basic Marxist insight to his own analysis.

Secondly, the hypothesis of a new era permits Brzezinski to soar above many of the unseemly episodes of recent U.S. history. Vietnam, for instance. The war is mentioned only incidentally, as something tarnishing America's image abroad, catalyzing the New Left, or politicizing the university. When a man tells me about his difficult passage from one age to another, say from adolescence to adulthood, and describes the transition in sophisticated psychological terms without happening to mention that for several years he was a bank robber, and without offering any explanation for his entry into that singular state, then I may suspect his complicated account of being an instrument of concealment, even of self-concealment.

Finally, by insisting on the technetronic wave of the future, Brzezinski establishes criteria by which to validate or invalidate those who play a part in solving present and future problems. As Brzezinski renounces the New Left and all its pomps, and works, "doctrinaire liberals," various scholars who have opposed the war in Asia, et al., the impression grows that the technetronic elect are the "new mandarins" who, like Brzezinski, shuttle between campus and Capitol.

Between Two Ages reflects the concerns of a troubled man of conservative temperament. The book's manifest function is to open a Great Debate, wide-ranging and touching upon the ultimate questions about society and human nature. Its latent function, however, is to rule out of that debate any viewpoints radically at odds with the *status quo,* and to reassure men of the author's own party that they shall indeed inherit the earth.

As the man said, you can't get there from here. □

The Party Needs a Trial

THE CONFESSION. *By Artur London. Translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton. William Morrow & Co. 442 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book, The Noblest Cry *(St. Martin's Press), is a history of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

> Since the former volunteers in the International Brigades admit to having been Trotskyists and traitors, the fact that I was their leader puts me on the same level as them.
>
> Since Field is a spy and I was in contact with him, I am objectively guilty. . . .

By the time Artur London, former Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs of the Czechoslovak People's Republic, signed the statement that began with these paragraphs, he was very nearly convinced of their truth in spite of the fact that "subjectively" he was guilty of nothing. Artur London was a tough veteran of democratic and Fascist prisons and concentration camps, a man who had become a Communist twenty-two years earlier, at the age of 14, and who had been a zealous fighter for his party and its ideology ever since: in Czechoslovakia, in his studies in Russia, on the front in Spain, in occupied France, in Mauthausen.

London was wise in all the ways of torture, whatever their political inspiration, and he had an international reputation for imperviousness to it in all its forms. Moreover, his six months of interrogation in Czech prisons immediately preceding the first of his confessions could not really be compared, "objectively"—or so it seems to a reader—with the refinements that had been practiced on him by the bourgeois and the Fascists. The most crushing element in this torture was "subjective": this, then, was the "Socialist legality" in which London and every good Communist had always believed as uncritically as a fundamentalist accepts the "revealed history" of the Bible, and that they themselves had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helped to enforce against their comrades in Spain, the Anarchists.

What mattered, under the juridical standards that London had devoted his life to establishing (and through which he very nearly lost it), was not a man's motives or intent or even the facts of his actions as of the time and place in which they occurred: what counted was the conditional, the potential, how they might look at some later time and from some other place. By this reasoning, London's leadership (on orders from the party's Central Committee) of Czech volunteers in the Spanish Civil War made him guilty of the heresies with which they were subsequently charged, even though his own political orientation had not shifted. His acknowledged acquaintance with Noel Field (which obviously must have had the approval of his party superiors) proved him guilty of espionage even though no one questioned the fact that at that time London could not have known, as his party superiors did not know, that Field was an "imperialist spy." One of London's interrogators explained: "If a soldier tells you that the caliber of his gun is 7.92, that's espionage, even if a detailed description of the gun was printed the day before in the papers." Evidence that one "could have" transmitted given data to foreign spies became proof that one had done so.

Obviously, then, London was "objectively" guilty. From that starting point it was not too indirect a road, through further months of unremitting physical and psychological torture and calculated dehumanization, that led him, as it did so many others, to believe that he must be "subjectively" guilty as well—simply by reason, for example, of having had a drink in Madrid in 1937 with a Yugoslav who was to become a Titoist in Belgrade in 1950.

The pattern of events in London's book has by now become familiar: crude police techniques, ranging from unsubtle deceptions to reasonably ingenious corporal and emotional savageries; fabricated evidence; betrayals of friendship so gross that they leave the reader, like the victim, beyond shock; utter abdications of humanity. It is not for the further illustrations of techniques in these various realms that this book is valuable but rather for the revelations of human impotence that it thrusts on the reader, the questions that it forces him to ask himself, and from which it will not allow him to retreat.

At first London, in spite of his long career at high party levels and his involvement in the workings of Stalinist justice in which he must have taken part in Spain, could not believe, when he himself and certain of his friends were imprisoned on flagrantly false charges in the 1951 Slansky purge, that "the party could have an interest in covering up such crimes, and because it was inconceivable I held my ground"—that is, he refused to make a false confession. But in the end, he points out, the inquisitor has human psychology working for him. London quotes Kierkegaard: "The individual becomes guilty not because he is guilty but because of his anxiety about being thought guilty." Moreover, London points to the automatic guilt feeling dormant in everyone and roused by the most innocent crossing of a border or encounter with a traffic policeman.

With such a built-in instrument at their disposal, the manipulators of these Kafkaesque machinations in Kafka's native city were almost certain to succeed in a society constructed on inflexible rules of blind and unquestioning subservience to the mystique of The Party/State. What The Party/State required was *ipso facto* right, and so therefore was whatever means might be employed toward its attainment. What is most surprising is the incredulity of those who have themselves implemented this philosophy when suddenly it is used against them, and at the same time their utter gullibility when it is used against those closest to them. London, after all, was no stranger to summary arrests and executions of accused comrades "in the best interests of the party"; his wife, Lise, who is the true heroine of his book, was in the beginning virtually paralyzed, in spite of her devoted love for him, by the fact that the accusations against him came from The Party: he must be guilty, for The Party was never wrong. "I love you," Mrs. London wrote to him in prison, "but you know that I am primarily a Communist. In spite of the pain I will know how to tear you out of my heart if I discover you are unworthy. . . . If you are innocent, fight, struggle to prove it! Otherwise it is right that you should pay for your crimes."

The Londons, the Slanskys and the rest knew that they had not committed the offenses charged to them (whatever their relatives outside might believe); they knew too, soon enough, that their guilt or innocence was irrelevant. London's explanation of his own and others' surrender is simplistic, yet perhaps it is not inaccurate: "As a conscientious Communist, therefore, you could not agree to become an 'objective accomplice' of the imperialists" by proving your own innocence and thus unmasking the immorality of The Party/State. In 1956, when the proceedings for the rehabilitation of London and the others were under way, the friends who had betrayed them explained with the utmost seriousness: "They led us astray by pleading guilty and they created difficulties for the Party."

Time and again Kohoutek, the chief of London's interrogators, had explained to him patiently: "The Party needs a trial." At that time London did not contest the principle: it was its application to himself that seemed then to be the injustice. But he accepted the injustice, and he was not alone. He quotes the letters written by some of the eleven of his co-defendants who were executed, letters found in the Czech archives in 1968: "I confessed because I considered it my duty and a political necessity" (Karel Svab); "I confessed in order to fulfill my duty towards the workers and the Czech Communist Party" (Ludvik Frejka). London believes no chemotherapy was required in the Slansky trial, the Rajk trial in Hungary or the great Moscow purges before the war: the drug employed is not to be found in the pharmacopoeia. It was the same drug that so nearly prevented Mrs. London from starting her truly heroic fight for her husband's vindication—which,

"Do just enough to get by."*

That's "satisficing"—official Washington's unwritten rule. And that's the advice they gave a young pediatrician, Dr. Arthur Levin, when he joined HEW (Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare). This is a bold and appalling first-hand account of the satisficers Levin saw: Bureaucrats getting by while people died because of the action officials didn't take, and the crucial research reports (about cancer vaccines, artificial kidneys and many others) they allowed to rot without being read. Even if you think you know what's going on, this book will stun you.

THE SATISFICERS*

by Arthur Levin, M.D.

Introduction by Senator George McGovern

$5.95, now at your bookstore

McCall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incidentally, would never have been accomplished if she and her family had not had close friends at the top of the French Communist Party.

Many who read this book will wonder how the trivial conversations of thirty years ago, the hastiest whispers in a German concentration camp, and the finest subtleties of interrogations under torture could have been so meticulously remembered and reported. Even more, in spite of all the revelations and all the explications of the past fifty years, one must wonder how men and women of superior intelligence, who have always risked their lives to free the people not only from economic servitude but from the chains of political and intellectual despotism, who have disciplined themselves from adolescence to struggle and revolt, can so readily reach out for other, even heavier, chains and crueler bigotries, and so pitifully offer themselves to the executioner. London's book is another glimpse into the fearful mystery of man's need for immolation in the name of the human. □

Apostle to the Gentiles

UP AGAINST THE FOURTH WALL. *By John Lahr. Grove Press. 305 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.95.*

FOSTER HIRSCH
Mr. Hirsch is a member of the English Department at Brooklyn College, and teaches a course in drama at the New School for Social Research.

In *Up Against the Fourth Wall,* the appropriately up-to-the-minute title for his collection of essays on modern (stress "modern") theatre, John Lahr establishes himself as the most articulate, most enthusiastic, most relentlessly intellectual propagandist for the new theatre. In their staunchly anti-establishment posture, Lahr's essays parallel the theatrical revolution which they chronicle. Like the radical groups whose theories and performances he explains and endorses, Lahr's writing itself represents a breaking up of conventional substance and technique. Written during the last three years for *Evergreen Review,* the essays are quite unlike conventional drama criticism. Because he is, above all, a social critic, his work reads like a series of essays on American social history which have as a common link an underlying interest in *avant-garde* theatrical movements.

As social commentator turned theatre critic, Lahr invariably identifies the ossification of commercial theatre with the limitations of bourgeois, capitalistic America; he sees in the radical social consciousness represented by the work of new theatre groups like The Open Theatre, The Performance Group, The Living Theatre, and street and guerrilla theatre, a healthy antidote to Middle America. Lahr equates the work of radical theatre with his own wish for America to examine its past in order to rediscover its roots, its uncorrupted sense of adventure and possibility. His criticism is an extension of the radical theatre's didactic and essentially idealistic impulse; he shares with those groups the goal of defining for his audience the essence of the new social movements. Like the work of the new theatre as well, Lahr's writing is addressed not only to the initiates—to those who are already there—but also to an inhibited middle class whom he tries to enlighten and, if possible, liberate.

Lahr is more enthusiastic than any other current drama critic about the possibilities of the theatrical experience. He is more attentive than any of his colleagues to the new theatre's relation to society—its capacity to reflect as well as to change the social structure. He assigns to the new theatre the therapeutic powers, and the possibilities for identification and (that inevitable word) relevance which most young people seek in rock music and films. Lahr's belief that radical theatre can compete with other modern art forms, and that it can educate and improve, is refreshing yet somehow naive. Deliberately confining themselves to lofts and churches in remote sections of the Lower East Side (except for occasional trips to European festivals), the radical groups can never attain anything more than coterie appeal; yet Lahr talks about their work as if it signaled the emergence of a new era.

In his concern for ways in which theatrical performances can connect directly to the kinds of lives we lead, Lahr is the drama critic's equivalent to Pauline Kael. Like Miss Kael on films, Lahr never talks about plays in isolation from the culture which has produced them. In his role of America's leading theatre critic as social chronicler-teacher-propagandist, Lahr has clearly taken over Robert Brustein's territory. (Though he is Brustein's critical heir, Lahr nonetheless takes several swipes at his predecessor for betraying the revolution.)

Lahr openly endorses what he judges to be the freer, looser, purer way of life sought by the new theatre, yet his own intellectualizing insulates him somewhat from the movement. Unlike Michael Smith's recent *Theatre Trip* (Smith was Lahr's predecessor as theatre critic for *The Village Voice*), a book about the new theatre written from the inside, Lahr is always an observer, not a participant. There is often a gap between the material he is discussing, with its emphasis on nonverbal feelings and responses, and his own frequently dazzling verbal performance. With the voice of academe (even if it is a radicalized academe) he confronts material which is directed against an academically trained sensibility. At some points, the reader feels that Lahr is wielding a formidable critical apparatus on material which does not answer his elegant formulations.

Lahr intellectualizes everything he touches; he gives his essays grandiose titles like "The Language of Silence" and "The Language of Laughter"; he parades his erudition, interlarding his essays with not always pertinent quotations from the classics (Tocqueville, Jean-Jacques Rousseau) or from the radical pantheon (Jerry Rubin, Marcuse, R. D. Laing, Mailer, Norman O. Brown). His pursuit of relevance makes the essays seem like selections from a radical reader. His abstruse generalizations, his metaphor-laden style, his modish rhetoric, his occasional inflated elaborations of the obvious, begin after a while to sound like jargon or self-parody. Some unmistakable Lahr-isms:

> The musical, although looked upon as an escape from reality, becomes the most tangible fulfillment of the American dream, the visible proof that opulence, capitalism, conflict, and peace can exist together. The musicals satisfied the middle-class consumer mentality—its insatiable longing for a destiny mistaken for cash on hand.

> Silence is a concept alien to America, whose destiny was carved out of a noisy faith in human accomplishment. In silence there is no direction. Only now—with contemporary man farther from the center of his metaphysical world, increasingly displaced from nature, distrustful of moralities, suspicious of the State, unable to define for himself the new scientific momentum ruling society—has silence muscled in on the imagination.

> The body, so long the brunt of the Church's bad joke and society's damp palms, is being discovered on stage. And with it, sex has been ushered back with a realistic vigor, frothing from years of stilted asides and tightly trussed corsets.

The underground theatre occupies most of the book, but Lahr comes to the surface from time to time to praise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pinter's *The Homecoming*, Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*, or Arthur Kopit's *Indians*, to undermine the reputations of Albee or Osborne, to decry the Broadway musical as the mindless perpetuation of middle-class ideals and middle-class insularity. His concerns are usually too broad to admit much in the way of specific literary analysis—the connection he makes between Pinter's use of silence and man's flight to the moon is a typical instance of the scope of his comparisons—but when he settles down to it, his literary comments are astute. His investigation of selected lyrics from *West Side Story, Carousel, Finian's Rainbow* and *Porgy and Bess* is the fanciest and most high-toned attention these unsuspecting entertainments have ever received.

For all his overwrought language, for all his seduction by the voice of the moment, John Lahr is our most energetic and engaged theatre critic. His repeatedly expressed belief that we are at a political, economic, social and cultural crossroads gives his essays the urgency and immediacy of revolutionary pamphlets. Even if we disagree with the ideological thrust of his writing, or with his literary assessments (like calling The Living Theatre's *Paradise Now* "the theatrical equivalent of other literary quests—Thoreau's *Walden*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*"), we can profit from his sense of purpose and his concern for theatre and country. □

Bringing Back the Buffalo

DANCE THE EAGLE TO SLEEP. *By Marge Piercy. Doubleday & Co. 232 pp. $5.95.*

TODD GITLIN
Mr. Gitlin is the author, with Nanci Hollander, of Uptown: Poor Whites in Chicago *(Harper & Row), and editor of the forthcoming* Campfires of the Resistance: Poetry from the Movement *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

There has been hardly any fiction about the youth revolt, and it is just as well, because surely most of it, like last summer's spate of Hollywood revolution flicks, would be pure commodity, trading on popular images of what campus revolutionaries and college administrators are supposed to be like. Yet it is sad, for one of the graces of the novel is that it may enable both writer and reader to experience the future before it is upon us. The overtly political novel, moreover, has the chance to demystify the lives of activists and to dramatize the clash between political will and oppressive reality: to locate character as it tries to break free of social chains. The direct insight of fiction has been sorely missing at a time when the radical movement's own journalistic accounts of itself have grown stale, glib, shrill and blindly celebratory, and the future has faded into one-dimensional images of guerrilla warfare on the one hand and "the greening of America" on the other. All in all, the arrival of Marge Piercy's novel at this time is remarkable and propitious. Already one of the finest poets of the Left, young or old, she now joins Sol Yurick—whose 1968 novel *The Bag* never received the attention it deserved—as one of the most penetrating novelists of this time.

What a book! I find it hard to tell where its power comes from: it is a little like being in the middle of a riot, trying to spot the source of motion. The leading characters, four of them, are true; certainly that matters. And the plot, especially once the heroes and heroine have snaked together in life-and-death engagement with one another, moves with terrific energy. Miss Piercy's prose is lean and rich at the same time: a great achievement. (It is punctuated with metaphors, most of which work, some of which don't: the poet's occupational hazard.) There is a sense of being inside the irresistible force as it hurtles toward the immovable object. It is the stuff of melodrama, but then these are melodramatic times, particularly for the apocalyptic young. It may also be the stuff of tragedy.

The time is not so many years hence. Presumably as a concession to peace groups and liberals, the Administration has created the Nineteenth Year of Servitude: a draft which includes army, pacification, welfare and socialization programs. The characters are introduced as they are struggling to break away from the dead center of the U.S. nightmare. Shawn is the coolest and most collected, and well he might be: he belongs to a rock band, riding the crest of youth culture. A bit of an aristocrat, he is saved by the fact that he feels his music, especially with a mass of writhing kids to charge him up. Shawn plays music for his Nineteenth Year, until he runs away. You know he has the best chance to survive.

Corey is an Indian who deals dope in high school and puts out an underground paper, and dreams of his ancestors and the return of the buffalo. Corey is down-to-earth and angry; there are thousands like him on the streets of hundreds of American cities. He has no trouble recognizing the oppressiveness of the white man's school. He is, in current parlance, heavy; he is the pure rebel. Billy is a scientific whiz kid who cannot abide the thought of going into technological harness for a society that he disdains. But he has no thoughts of revolt until Corey and a thousand others take over his school. The pages about the school occupation ("the teentsy revolution") are the most joyous in the book, filled with the temporary reality of liberated space.

Finally, Joanna is an army child. ("Her mother drank gin. Her father ate shit.") She is the least well realized of the four main characters. Perhaps this is intentional; perhaps this is what the society, even an imaginative extrapolation of it, makes of its women. Joanna runs away to the Lower East Side, bums around, and in a riot during Shawn's concert she meets the Indians—the communal guerrilla band Corey and Billy have formed.

The Indians are the coming thing. They make and sell "bread," a new psychedelic, and float through the stinking corridors of the Lower East Side as guardian angels of a youth culture under fire. Joanna becomes Corey's wom-

OBSCENITY
The complete oral arguments before the Supreme Court in the major obscenity cases

- Roth v. United States
  Alberts v. California (establishing the original definition of obscenity)
- Kingsley International Pictures Corp. v. Regents (the movie version of Lady Chatterley's Lover)
- Manual Enterprises v. Day (homosexual magazines)
- Jacobellis v. Ohio (The Lovers)
- Freedman v. Maryland (film censorship)
- Ginzburg v. United States (Eros)
- Mishkin v. New York (sado-masochistic material)
- Memoirs v. Massachusetts (Fanny Hill)
- Ginsberg v. New York (obscenity and children)
- Stanley v. Georgia (obscenity in the home)

OBSCENITY
Edited by LEON FRIEDMAN
Introduction by CHARLES REMBAR
$10, now at your bookstore
CHELSEA HOUSE PUBLISHERS
Distributed by RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an, and Shawn also joins the band. The Indians dance naked and live joyfully, recruiting like mad. Billy has become leader of the Warriors, the Indians' street-fighting infrastructure: a fascinating study of the career of an intellectual who, deprived of useful work, drifts into a nihilistic arrogance that reflects the arrogance which was carefully cultivated in him as a child. The Indians take to the countryside to build a base for living and training, while fighting detachments remain in the cities. Billy champs at the bit; Corey lets him down, leadership rivalries develop; Billy returns to the city to prepare an uprising.

From here on, everything moves like an avalanche seen in slow motion: the separate chunks seem to have free will, but their fall is given from the beginning. The burden of their own vision is too great for the Indians; impatience and repression (the farm is finally raided) drive them back on themselves and they turn on one another. Their world, too, is hermetically sealed around them; they are seized by revolutionary fantasy; but they appear to have no other choice. There is nothing in the society for them to return to. In fact, the powers that be are shelling the black ghettos. They cannot live in suspension. Nor can they join with other potential dissidents in the society:

> Though their survival depended on building as big a base as possible, kids tended to become quickly uncomfortable with people outside the movement and not to want to deal with them. Their jargon and slogans isolated them. It was a drag to talk to people who did not share your assumptions; you had to start with ABC, practically. Older Indians often showed their contempt for new recruits, who sounded too much like the society they had all just left. They hated what they had been, and kids who reminded them of their old selves. Corey had a theoretical grasp of that narrowness and was always pushing the need to grow. Nevertheless, he would extrapolate from the tiniest scrap of contact to a roaring movement.

There is more wisdom in this as in several other passages in the book than in 100 pages of underground newspapers these days. Not that they are extrinsic propaganda; rather, they are integral to the motion of the story.

What happens to the Indians is depressing. The life goes out of them, and they are left with their political hubris. Their planning becomes almost purely military—with predictable and grisly results. Corey has lost even his ancestral vision, as he faces a bulldozer driven by an Indian's unemployed father. At the end, there is a flare of hope—among a few survivors. The society is just as deadly as before. The revolution remains to be made.

Dance the Eagle to Sleep is a cautionary tale, but it is more than that. It is an important *political* document. Even its omissions are revelatory. The fact that most of the parents barely exist—they are two-dimensional marionettes of the social order—expresses the actual disintegration of the family. The fact that the society is most present for the Indians as inhuman force, without detail or richness, expresses the fact of repression. That the characters are able to live only as they begin to die is discouraging, but instructive, too. I hope the book is read and I hope it is soon available in a paperback edition, red-covered or not. □

Records 1970 / David Hamilton

In addition to the category "Records of the Year," this compilation includes sections devoted to "Repertory of Special Interest" (in first recordings, or significantly better ones than have been recently available), and "Performances of Special Interest" (unusual and illuminating readings of more standard literature). A final section lists "Significant Reissues" of older recordings (disregarding mere repackaging of items recently available in other forms or couplings). Except in this last category, all records listed are stereophonic.

I. Records of the Year

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos.* English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London CSA 2225. $11.96 (two discs).

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book II. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. RCA Victrola VICS 6125. $8.94 (three discs).

BERLIOZ: Requiem. Ronald Dowd, tenor; London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6700 019. $11.96 (two discs).

Symphonie funèbre et triomphale; other works. John Alldis Choir; London Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 802 913. $5.98.

Les Troyens. Soloists, Covent Garden Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips 6709 002. $29.90 (five discs).

CARTER: String Quartets 1 and 2. Composers Quartet. Nonesuch H 71249. $2.98.

Concert for Orchestra. New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M 30112. $5.98.

DVORAK: Requiem. Soloists, Ambrosian Singers; London Symphony Orchestra; Istvan Kertesz, cond. London OSA 1281. $11.96 (two discs).

FROBERGER: Keyboard Music. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. RCA Victrola VICS 1494. $2.98.

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1. London Symphony Orchestra; Jascha Horenstein, cond. Nonesuch H 71240. $2.98.

MENDELSSOHN: *Elijah* (in German). Soloists, Leipzig Radio Chorus; Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra; Wolfgang Sawallisch, cond. Philips 802 889/91. $17.94 (three discs).

MONTEVERDI: *L'Orfeo.* Soloists, Munich Cappella Antiqua; Vienna Concentus Musicus; Nikolaus Harnoncourt, director. Telefunken SKH 21. $17.86 (three discs).

RAVEL: Songs. Gérard Souzay, baritone; Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips 839 733. $5.98.

WOLF: *Italienisches Liederbuch* (selections). Elly Ameling, soprano; Dalton Baldwin, piano. Philips 802 919. $5.98.

II. Repertory of Special Interest

ASHFORTH: *The Unquiet Heart.* BATSTONE: *A Mother Goose Primer.* Bethany Beardslee, soprano; UCLA Chamber Ensemble; John Dare, cond. DEL TREDICI: *Night Conjure-Verse.* Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Marlboro Festival players, composer cond. CRI SD 243. $5.95.

BERLIOZ: Music for chorus. Heinrich Schütz Chorale; Roger Norrington, director. Argo ZRG 635. $5.95.

BRITTEN: Suites 1 and 2 for solo cello. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. London CS 6617. $5.98.

BUSONI: *Doktor Faust.* Soloists, Bavarian Radio Chorus and Orchestra; Ferdinand Leitner, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709 032. $17.94 (three discs).

CHOU: *Pien; Cursive. Yü Ko; The Willows are New.* Group for Contempo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rary Music at Columbia University. CRI SD 251. $5.95.

COPLAND: *Connotations*; *Inscape*. New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia MS 7431. $5.98.

DALLAPICCOLA: *Parole di San Paolo; Concerto per la Notte di Natale.* BOULEZ: *Improvisation No. 2.* POUSSEUR: *Trois Chants Sacrés.* Benita Valente, Valerie Lamoree, sopranos; Philadelphia Composers' Forum; Joel Thome, cond. Candide CE 31021. $3.98.

GRAINGER: Various works. Soloists, Ambrosian Singers; English Chamber Orchestra; Benjamin Britten, cond. London CS 6632. $5.98.

HANDEL: *Giulio Cesare in Egitto.* Soloists, Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra; Karl Richter, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2711 009. $23.92 (four discs).

HINDEMITH: *Cardillac.* Soloists, Cologne Radio Chorus and Orchestra; Joseph Keilberth, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 042. $11.96 (two discs).

IVES: *Three Places in New England.* RUGGLES: *Sun-Treader.* Boston Symphony Orchestra; Michael Tilson Thomas, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2540 048. $5.98.

Works for chamber orchestra. Orchestra, Gunther Schuller, cond. Columbia MS 7318. $5.98.

KRENEK: *Jonny spielt auf* (abridged). Soloists, Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Heinrich Hollreiser, cond. Mace S 9094. $2.50.

LIGETI: *Lontand*; other works. Various performers. Heliodor 2549 011. $4.98.

MAHLER: *Das klagende Lied* (complete original version). Soloists, London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia M2 30061. $11.96 (two discs).

RANDALL: *Quartets in Pairs*; *Quartersines*; *Mudgett.* VERCOE: *Synthesism.* DODGE: *Changes.* Nonesuch H 71245. $2.98.

SCHUBERT: Songs. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 2720 006. $54 (twelve discs) and 2720 022. $58.50 (thirteen discs).

SPIES: *Viopiacem*; Impromptu for Piano. Robert Miller, piano and harpsichord; Samuel Rhodes, viola. LAYTON: Five Studies for Violin and Piano; Three Studies for Piano. Yehudi Wyner, piano; Matthew Raimondi, violin. WHITTENBERG: String Quartet in One Movement. Composers Quartet. CRI SD 257. $5.95.

STRAVINSKY: *Abraham and Isaac*; Variations; *Requiem Canticles*; *Introitus.* Various performers; Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft, conds. Columbia MS 7386. $5.98.

III. Performances of Special Interest

BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens*—Final Scene; *Mort de Cléopâtre.* Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; London Symphony Orchestra; Alexander Gibson, cond. Angel 36695. $5.98.

DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande.* Soloists, Covent Garden Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia M3 30119. $17.94 (three discs).

DONIZETTI: Operatic arias. Montserrat Caballé, soprano; London Symphony Orchestra; Carlo Felice Cillario, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 3164. $5.98.

HAYDN: *Die Schöpfung.* Soloists, Singverein der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Herbert von Karajan, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2707 044. $11.96 (two discs).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 5. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London CSA 2228. $11.96 (two discs).

Symphony No. 6. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London CSA 2227. $11.96 (two discs).

SCHOENBERG: Orchestra Variations. SWDR Orchestra; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Heliodor 2549 008. $4.98 ("electronic stereo").

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3; *Faust*—Overture. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel 36689. $5.98.

STRAVINSKY: *The Rite of Spring.* Cleveland Orchestra; Pierre Boulez, cond. Columbia MS 7293. $5.98.

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino.* Soloists, Ambrosian Opera Chorus; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Lamberto Gardelli, cond. Angel SDL 3765. $23.92 (four discs).

Il Trovatore. Soloists, Ambrosian Opera Chorus; New Philharmonia Orchestra; Zubin Mehta, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC 6194. $17.94 (three discs.)

WOLF: Songs. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Wilhelm Furtwängler, piano. Odeon ALP 2114. $5.98 (mono).

RECITAL: Songs by Brahms, Mahler, Schumann. Helen Watts, alto; Irwin Gage, piano. Telefunken SAT 22515. $5.95.

IV. Significant Reissues

BACH: Keyboard works. Artur Schnabel, piano. Perennial 2001. $6.98.

Partita in D minor. BRAHMS: Violin Sonata No. 1. BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonata No. 3. Adolf Busch, violin; Rudolf Serkin, piano. Odeon HQM 1219. $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: Piano Music. Artur Schnabel, piano. Seraphim ID 6063. $11.92 (four discs); IC 6064, 6065, 6066, 6067. $8.96 (three discs) each.

Symphony No. 3. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Turnabout TV 4343. $2.98.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 9. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Heliodor 2548 701. $4.98 ("electronic stereo").

DVORAK: Cello Concerto. Mstislav Rostropovich, cello; Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Seraphim S 60136. $2.98 (stereo).

MAHLER: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone; Hessian Radio Symphony Orchestra; Winifred Zillig, cond. Heliodor 2548 702. $4.98 ("electronic stereo").

SCHUBERT: *Die schöne Müllerin.* Aksel Schiotz, tenor; Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim 60140. $2.98.

VERDI: *La Traviata.* Soloists, Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Pierre Monteux, cond. RCA Victrola VIC 6004. $5.96 (two discs).

WAGNER: Operatic selections. Lauritz Melchior, tenor. RCA Victrola VIC 1500. $2.98.

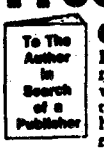
RECITAL: Operatic arias. Claudia Muzio, soprano. Seraphim 60111. $2.98.

RECITAL: Operatic arias. Rosa Ponselle, soprano. RCA Victrola VIC 1507. $2.98.

RECITAL: Alfred Cortot, piano. Seraphim 60143. $2.98.

RECITAL: Emanuel Feuermann, cello. RCA Victrola VIC 1476. $2.98.

Free to Authors



OF BOOK MANUSCRIPTS

Is your manuscript ready (or almost ready) for publication? Send for this valuable booklet packed with information every writer should have. Tells how to get your work published, promoted, distributed. Write Vantage Press, Dept. FR-59, 120 W. 31 St., New York 10001

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

An evening spent with Merce Cunningham and Dance Company is filled with constant surprise. One reason is that no ballet ever looks or feels as it did when previously seen. Sometimes a ballet looks different because it is in fact different. Will *Canfield*, for instance, begin with a short solo or a presentation of the entire cast? What will happen during the "intermission" of *Walkaround Time*? Will the dancers limber up and practice steps that will be seen later on in the evening; will they just stand around and chat, or both? An element of chance is operating here, but it is very structured. Cunningham might set a series of dances, but their order within a ballet can change from performance to performance. That is what happens in *Canfield* and other works. Or he might give his dancers a set period of time in which to do any number of specific activities. Thus the "intermission" in *Walkaround Time*. The use of chance as a means of constructing a ballet renders Cunningham's choreography theoretically interesting. Yet if his works were merely dances of ideas, we might soon prefer to hear about them rather than to see them. And indeed, one might argue that the music of John Cage, a close associate of Cunningham, is worth more as literature than as musical notation.

There is, however, an untheoretical aspect of chance that colors Cunningham performances, making them not only interesting on paper but fascinating and strangely moving. That is the element of luck intrinsic to any performing art, but to which the Cunningham troupe is particularly susceptible: the completely unpredictable way in which performances have their ups and downs, click, or fall flat. Cunningham ballets are especially vulnerable to this phenomenon because they float outside all choreographic conventions and traditional methods of expressing emotion. There is no fixed relationship between solo dancer and group, or contrast between male and female steps, yet there are strong relationships between the dancers. There are no true climaxes, yet a dance may cluster in peak activity. And although the dancers are never emotional, the dances do generate states of feeling. With nothing to hang its hat on, a Cunningham ballet lacks the stabilizing elements that enable most ballets and plays to work at least partially every time and to maintain a constant identity. This precariousness is a great strength, however; it yields mysteriousness, intensity, a certain glamour, and a tantalizing chanciness. It is what makes a Cunningham work feel different each time, even though it looks the same.

If precariousness does not invalidate critical judgment, it does compel the critic to state when he saw the ballet that is up for trial. I saw Cunningham's new *Signals* on November 4 and 11, during his two-week run at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. At the first performance it consisted of a solo for Cunningham, followed by one for Susana Hayman-Chaffey. Next came a duet for Hayman-Chaffey and Mel Wong and then a trio for Cunningham, Valda Setterfield and Douglas Dunn. The concluding number is a dance for the above cast, plus Louise Ann Burns. At the second performance Hayman-Chaffey's solo followed the trio, while in the trio Cunningham was replaced by Wong. At the second performance, also, the music was different, the sounds of crickets and of a music box having been added. Those who are particularly fond of the sounds of summer evenings, as I am, would like the music provided for the second performance.

So much for the theory of chance; now for the reality of change and growth. At performance number one, *Signals* seemed a rehash of other ballets, although it should be noted that even a rehash of Cunningham is worth seeing. There were some especially nice moments: Hayman-Chaffey's solo was interesting for its hint of virtuoso display, and I admired the daring with which Cunningham inserted into his work a device associated with ballet rather than modern dance. But although this episode gave *Signals* a lift, it did not compare in brilliance to Carolyn Brown's "balancing act" in *Scramble*. The last part of *Signals* was an amiable variation on the group-play theme that finds its way into so much of Cunningham, particularly *Scramble* and *Tread*. Yet in *Signals* the breeziness was not as infectious as it can be, and the attention that each member of the group pays to everybody else, so that a feeling of care and communal spirit comes across, was not as subtle and organic to the movement as it is in *Tread*. It was all nice but second-best.

In the second performance *Signals* breathed. Rhythms became clarified. There was tension, self-awareness. The ballet found shape and it was "about" something. It began to grow as a kind of metaphor of the dancer's discipline and as a study in contrast between measured movement and release, between the dancer practicing and performing.

In the first solo, Cunningham moves carefully. His arms rise just so and his head tilts a little to the side, just so. He looks as though he were studying his body line in a mirror, almost as though experimenting with poses he will dance in a ballet. A few spins, and then back to the mirror. But suddenly he breaks into a quick speed, concentrating on the deployment of energy instead of line, and just as suddenly stops and sits on a chair. Wong and Hayman-Chaffey now dance at the same time but do not touch. Their movements seem exploratory also. At one point she turns to him and softly places her hands on his shoulders. Now they dance together, a proper *pas de deux*. One senses that the dance is hinged on that moment when she touched his shoulders; in context, it becomes a dramatic release.

In the next section Setterfield and Dunn do a staccato, acrobatic dance. It is quick and requires exact timing. But to make matters more difficult, a rod (carried by Wong or Cunningham) hovers around and between them. They could easily collide with it, but they do not. Neither do they acknowledge the rod's presence, yet they seem to be instinctively obeying the spatial limitations that it demands. They perform perfectly. The rod becomes a kind of reminder of the physical perfection that is required in dance. And while that rod has physical substance in this dance, it is suggestive of the ideal or measure by which dancers judge themselves when they are in class. The presence of the rod makes one see how crucial it is that the dancer's arm be raised just so, for if it were any higher it would touch the rod. I began to reconstruct Cunningham's solo in my mind at this point, and saw him moving carefully and perfectly, his body outlined by hundreds of imaginary rods.

Hayman-Chaffey's solo still retained its virtuoso quality, but within the framework of the second performance it was more thrilling. Her balances on one leg, her shifts of weight from one difficult pose to the next, and her turns were now being danced for higher stakes—not only for the sake of the dance but as a celebration of her accomplishments as a hard-working dancer. She danced gracefully and with much poise, but there was no pretense that the rods were not in her mind. It is this tension between the dancer's awareness of the difficulty of the art and the perfection and ease with which he or she executes the steps that makes the technical element of dancing so stimulating.

The last section of *Signals* puts in sharpest relief the contrast between measured movement, that by which the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dancer studies his craft, and its flowering into "free" movement. The dancers leap, run and twirl; they are relaxed. Interspersed with these free-for-alls and humorous comments on follow-the-leader, however, are moments of stillness, when the dancers move in unison from frozen pose to frozen pose. As a joke on the regimented stimulus-response pattern, and perhaps on the dictatorial association of the rod, the dancers softly strike each pose to the signal of someone's loud breathing. It is funny, but the dancers look very beautiful in their studies of perfect bodily line, and their faces are touching in their solemnity. I was reminded that it is a noble endeavor to be a dancer. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The past fortnight in New York has been marked by extraordinarily fine acting. It is a long time since a play has contained such uniformly admirable performances as those of Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dandy Nichols and Mona Washbourne in David Storey's *Home* (Morosco Theatre). And I shall never again be able to think of Samuel Beckett's writing without associating it with the face, the flesh, the voice, the posture of Jack MacGowran in selections from the work of that master (Public Theatre). In both instances, the ideal of every keen theatregoer has been realized: word and person, thought and living breath have become one. The spirit has become incarnate.

I speak first of the acting because not everyone will appreciate David Storey's script in its own right and many find Beckett appalling. When read, the letter of these men's writings may appear frustrating; acted as they now are, they take on a special poignancy.

I reviewed *Home* on seeing it in London (*The Nation*, September 21). It is a short play, written with a sure hand in what is something like a pointillist style—minute dots of broken utterances which compose a curiously melancholy whole. It is "curiously melancholy" because, in today's manner, it is so often funny.

The play is ostensibly about five inmates of an institution for the mentally unstable, but to leave it at that is to misunderstand it. The "home" of the title is not just a hospital but an asylum in which the English dwell and by further extension one which all of us inhabit. Or so David Storey would have it. And for the brief space of time during which the play unfolds one almost believes him.

Two men, past their prime, look backward longingly. They speak of old glories in which they could take pride—their country's and humanity's great accomplishments—while their minds float in a near vacuum of dimly remembered hopes, pleasures, defeats and misfortunes. Their world has become insubstantial. They barely listen to each other as they converse, though their need for some sort of communication is still strong. They smile at fleeting memories and weep in unspecified anguish. They are men of slight education, so their reminiscences are expressed in truncated stereotypes.

The two women are of a lower class, their attitudes more fundamental. The surly and suspicious one appears the more adjusted; the gayer and more affectionate one is really the more desperate, prone, in fact, to periodic storms of destructive rage. Both are comic.

There is also a young man who has been subjected to a lobotomy. He is nothing now but muscle, combative with aimless brutality; he addresses man and woman alike with the query, "Do you want to fight?"

This is not my world, nor is it yours, but it convinces and hurts. It is saved for us because it is informed with sorrow. That is why, oddly enough, it is also funny. A recognizable shadow of truth is present, so we accept it with tenderness. There is pain in the picture but no hate.

Jocelyn Herbert's setting is exactly right in its bleak and shabby nakedness. Against it the five actors (Graham Weston plays the brain-lamed youth) bring the warmth of their beings and their excellent craftsmanship. Lindsay Anderson has directed them to perfection. The effect is that of chamber music. The pauses amid the strokes of dialogue, the tones and rhythms are modulated to convey a meaning of which the words are but signs. The whole transcends what is actually said.

In this exceptional ensemble, Ralph Richardson's emphases, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm over platitudes, his voice echoing sentiments deeper than the inanities he mouths, his gusts of feeling blowing around the void of faded recollections, produce the most varied, the most histrionically knowing and, finally, the most touching of the performances. John Gielgud's portrayal, when I saw it in London, made me speak of it as "one of the stately homes of England in tears"; it is grandeur in wet fragments. He is even better now. Dandy Nichols and Mona Washbourne are priceless in their inescapable concreteness. The two men are phantomlike, the women are as solidly *there* as the squalid digs and streets they come from, and still endearingly womanly for all the horror they humorously adumbrate.

There is no writer whose mood and "message" is more alien to me than Samuel Beckett; we are poles apart. Yet I honor him as an insidiously eloquent artist. The evening at the Public Theatre —Jack MacGowran's one-man show— consists of excerpts from several of his novels (*Molloy*, *Watt*, etc.) his plays (*Waiting for Godot*, *Krapp's Last Tape*, *Endgame*) and other prose and poems. They are shaped to a heart-rending unity, with moments of convulsing hilarity sharpening the point of its unhappiness. What a chill has fallen upon our Western world!

Out of his agony Beckett has wrought unforgettable music. His desolate song is truly a miracle. There were such writers, monks and other men of the cloth, in the early years of the Christian era. Theirs was a profoundly religious art and so too, I have come to believe, is that of Beckett, the great blasphemer. It is in the intensity of his apparent nonfaith, in his awful imprecations, in his wretchedness at not being able to come upon the absolute he seeks, in his craving for that absolute, that one recognizes the reality of his religion.

Joyce has no doubt influenced Beckett. "Words have been my only love," the younger of the two says, and he further asserts that he has perhaps suffered from "want of love." We are not sure whether he refers to his own inability to love or to love not vouchsafed him by others. Joyce too seemed to have been the victim of a similar disaffection, but there was great sensuousness in him, a physical robustness, so that he was able to overcome the gap between himself and others. More thin-skinned, Beckett's solitude is total. Joyce wrote of a shattered world re-creating itself; Beckett is a poet of the world's end.

He will not be consoled. He is often funny, but his comedy has exactly the same nihilistic significance as his lament. There is a long passage in which one of his characters describes the dilemma of sucking at sixteen pebbles and wishing to assure himself that when sucking at one he is not repeating the "taste"

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3—$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00
Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive
Greenbelt, Md. 20770

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of another. This goes on to maniacal lengths. Then he admits: "But deep down I didn't give a tinker's curse for it was all the same to me whether I sucked a different stone each time or always the same stone. . . . I didn't care a fiddler's damn about being without, when they were all gone they would be all gone." And everything else is like that.

The surge of passion in *Krapp's Last Tape* is dissipated by the man's sense of its futility. His mind, he says, "is always on the alert against itself." There is always a negation immediately after he has confessed to an attachment. "Great love in my heart too for all things still and rooted, bushes, boulders and the like . . . and the flowers of the field, not for the world when in my right senses would I ever touch one, to pluck it. Whereas a bird now, or a butterfly . . . no mercy! Not that I'd go out of my way to get at them. . . . Nor will I go out of my way to avoid such things, when avoidable, no, I simply will not go out of my way, *though I have never in my life been on my way anywhere, but simply on my way*."

Why do I cherish Beckett when he feels this way? Because he is aware of the unfathomable mystery of things, their never to be discovered ultimacy, the ineffable wonder of existence. Though others extol and cling to it, even exult in it, for the very reasons that he finds to bemoan it, his consciousness of its rational or logical nullity is still a closeness to it, an entire immersion in what he appears to exclude, to turn away from. His rejection of life is something other than that. It is a vast, insatiable hunger, a yearning, an immense ache and regret which is at the core of living. This is also a way—negative and tragic—of celebrating life. Is there not something quintessentially Irish in it?

Jack MacGowran, standing solitary in ragged, black and soiled long coat, observing his shadow on the ground, haggard with puzzlement, forms an indelible figure. He is round-shouldered, slightly bowed, with dragging gait. Behind and all around him is a gray vacancy which faintly suggests sun and clouds in a distant whirlwind: it is one of Ming Cho Lee's simplest and best designs, a dun background which promises the possibility of varicolored mutation.

The actor's long emaciated face, at once blank and shrewd, with cutting glance, at times becomes gentle, kind, almost smiling. The composition made me imagine a bone washed up on an immense strand without identifiable horizon, a bone which attests to a life that may once have been moved by a will reaching toward objects of desire. MacGowran's voice is dry yet resonant, his every word distinct with constant melody in the quick flow of his speech. Though he shows not a trace of the deliberately morose or the maudlin, even as one smiles or laughs outright one feels the yearning, the lostness, above all, the beauty.

The first-night audience rose to its feet to cheer. Awed silence, as if in the presence of an epiphany of nature, might perhaps have been a more condign tribute. Jack MacGowran is one of the truly important actors of our day.

I now add further comment on Lorraine Hansberry's posthumous play, *Les Blancs*, about which, last week, I merely noted my regard. Friends have taken me to task for having reacted favorably to a play they thought a set of declamations, "propaganda" on behalf of blacks opposed to whites.

The play is no such thing; it is a dramatic statement of the tragedy in history. Charlie Morris, a white American journalist, has come to inquire about and report on an African settlement established by a white minister and doctor who is universally admired for his medical aid to the black natives. Tshembe, a Europeanized African who has returned to his birthplace to attend his father's funeral, resists Charlie's cordiality and concern. The black man "knows" these white liberals!; he gives little credence to Morris' capacity fully to understand the local situation. When Tshembe is finally convinced that Morris is not only sincere but truly in accord with the natives' struggle against the unnamed and presumably benign imperialist power in control of the vicinity, the men shake hands, followed by the African's saying, "What does it prove?" He means that there are forces at work which override their ability to alter circumstances through their mutual understanding and sympathy.

What is at stake in this instance is not a conflict between black and white. In an early exchange, while Tshembe is still putting Morris off and is accused of hating all whites, he replies: "I do not hate all white men, but I desperately wish that I did. It would make everything infinitely easier! But I am afraid that, among other things, I have *seen* the slums of Liverpool and the caves above Naples. I have seen Dachau and Anne Frank's attic in Amsterdam; I have seen too many raw-knuckled Frenchmen coming out of the Métro at dawn and too many popeyed Italian children—to believe that those who raided Africa for three centuries ever loved the white race either. Race is a device—no more, no less. It explains nothing at all."

When at the end—I must refrain from entering into plot details—Tshembe becomes involved in the black insurrection after having refused to do so, his partisan companions-in-arms mow down the ministering doctor's wife, an aged lady who had sided with the insurgents, one who virtually mothered him. Tshembe picks up her lifeless body and cries out to heaven in impotent protest.

What this signifies is that humankind has always made its progress through a mess of bloody injustice and inevitable cruelty. There can be no "nice" war, however "justified" it may be. Thus only the saintly can be wholly neutral or extricate themselves from the ruthless machine which is history.

Lorraine Hansberry was no "black panther," but an intelligent, compassionate human being with a gift for lucid dramatic writing which, when well acted as was the case of Sidney Poitier in *A Raisin in the Sun* and as now in a new kind of characterization by James Earl Jones, commands attention and inspires respect. To wave aside *Les Blancs*, a more mature play than *Raisin*, as old-fashioned and obvious—it may be "old-fashioned," obvious it is not—is an evasion which I am inclined to ascribe to bad faith, especially in view of what certain folk call "good theatre." □

PERSONALS

MATH FACTS PUZZLES. Grades one up. Free brochure. **New Approaches to Learning, Inc., 63 Leonard, Plattsburg, N.Y. 12901.**

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE—Scientific Computerized Matching—Nationwide. Give Age. Write: **TEAM PROJECT, 1270 Broadway, New York City 10001.**

LOS ANGELES widow, retired, seeks companionship. Enjoys reading, theatre, music, art, travel. **Box 647, c/o The Nation.**

SPIRO AGNEW PUNCHING BAG. Big 16" punching bag with Spiro's face centered for sock-it-to-him action. $2.00 ppd. **SPIRO-BAG, Dept. C, P. O. Box 724, Chicago, Illinois 60690.**

ECOTIPS—Suggestions for environment-conscious living. Send stamped return envelope, 25¢ and your tips. I'll print and distribute. **ECOTIPS, 523 Warmsprings Drive, Fayetteville, N.C. 28303.**

"LOVE AND LET LOVE" bumperstrip, 2/$1; 6/$2.50. **IDEA CO., Rye, N. Y. 10580.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), BUTTONS (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

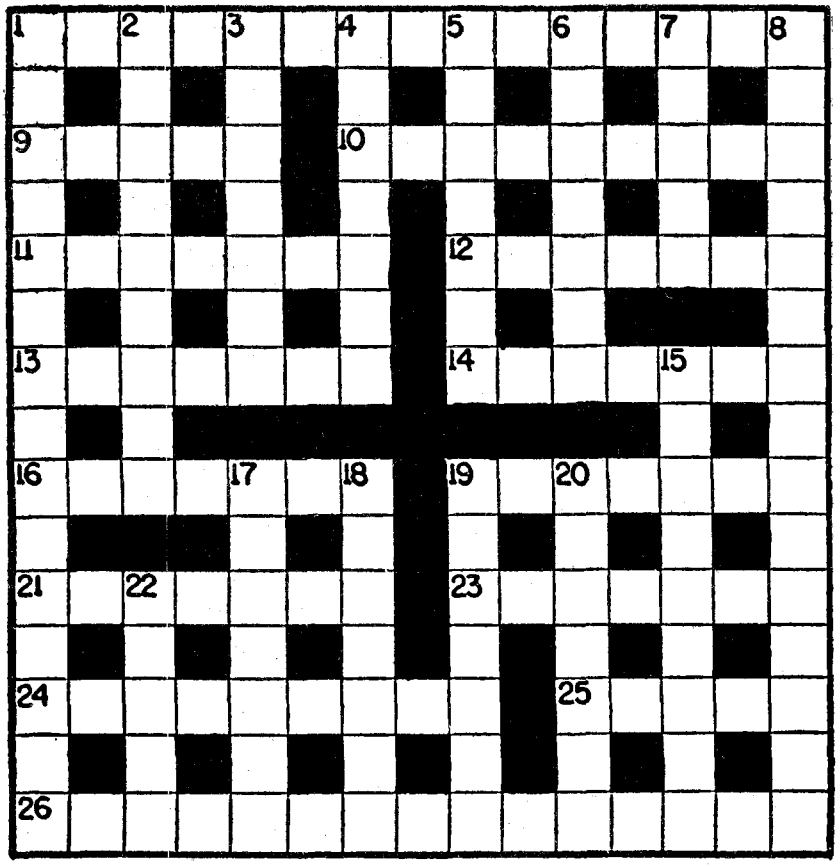
SUPPORT SCHEUER/BUSH bill H.R. 4605 repealing anticontraceptive restrictions of the federal "obscenity law." Request immediate Senate passage. **P.O.B. 4069, N.Y.C. 10017.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1371

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Do they imply flat planes? (Make-up on the stairs, perhaps.) (7, 8)
9 Masonic Headquarters in recess? Quite the opposite! (5)
10 Could it give me my shape? Inspiration comes difficult with it! (9)
11 People caught in a wrongful act, causing some vexation. (7)
12 A mass educational program has to start with it, and get gradually built up. (7)
13 You might find part of the summer a Georgia or Maine alternative. (7)
14 Hopelessness of the French couple? (7)
16 Where they used to look for great defense in football to display a rather angry outburst. (2, 1, 4)
19 Didn't stay with the punch, because it wasn't quite strong enough to knock one out? (4, 3)
21 Chelae in the tool box, possibly. (7)
23 A cardiac calamity would bring it back and make it stick! (7)
24 Serving to modify how a peculiar Arab lived. (9)
25 Clementine's father's answer to what he did with the chemical compound? (5)
26 China might be held by them in check, at best, in difficulty. (7, 8)

DOWN

1 Possibly a period for putting a strange man up into a truck. (11, 4)
2 Its capital might drive a person to drink, if Spanish. (9)
3 Women sometimes prefer to be in application like Peter Pan. (7)
4 Did O'Neill think she was pretty black?
5 Show approval of a very quiet Canterbury figure? (7)
6 Uninteresting acts intended to debar some places? (3, 4)
7 Of necessity, Eden's imperfect. (5)
8 Do they bring forth young models, having a leading party function? (8, 7)
15 One seldom behaves in a 24 fashion, but still might qualify. (9)
17 Bring to light what is apparent when you near the end. (7)
18 Claptrap fabric. (7)
19 A thin plate crippled everything up. (7)
20 The film genius stumbled into one? (7)
22 The position of a basketball player with a number in the kitty? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1370

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Dinner jackets; 10 Sadducees; 12 Dextral; 13 Seepage; 14 and 11 Stillwater; 16 Sebastian; 18 Fatalists; 20 Dream; 22 and 25 Nouveau riche; 24 Ignored; 27 Tear ducts; 28 Spenser; 29 Ouster. DOWN: 2 and 18 Index fingers; 3 Neutral; 4 Reenlists; 5 Jests; 6 Cowpens; 7 Extradite; 8 Surgeon; 9 Asides; 15 Intrusive; 17 Bastinado; 19 Laertes; 20 Denudes; 21 Modest; 23 Utter.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.

PUBLICATIONS

REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE—LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE! Mao Tsetung **SELECTED WORKS,** 4 volumes, $5 total; Mao's **QUOTATIONS** (Red Book), $.40. Revolutionary literature from U.S.A., China, Albania, Vietnam & elsewhere. **ABSOLUTE LOWEST PRICES; WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY!** Send your name and address along with cash, check, or money order to: **International Books, Box 622, Bellflower, California 90706. Prompt delivery. Free price list.**

1971 Sierra Club Calendar—$3.95. **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG**—$3.25 postpaid. **Saturday Booksellers, Dept. 44, 507 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10017.**

KEEP IN TOUCH with the grass-roots politics. Read **THE TRUMPET** every month. 1 year—$1.00. **P.O.B. 232, Goleta, Calif. 93017.**

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor. Self-Designated Symbolical World President. Unique, Entrancing. **$2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Ave., New York City. Bin Dir Woor** says not to win, but to promote **World Democracy,** he has announced that he is a life long candidate for the presidency of the United States.

COMMUNICATION THEORY in the CAUSE OF MAN is an informal little magazine issued almost monthly on the application of General Systems Theory, Cybernetics, Information Theory, and related fields of Communication Theory to the strengthening of democratic institutions on our planet. Send $5.00 for subscription or $1.00 for sample double issue to **CTCM, c/o F. B. Wood, P.O. Box 5095, San Jose, Calif. 95150.**

"SUGGESTED PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES FOR A LIBERTARIAN PARTY." Four pages. Send 10¢ per copy to: **Mike Timko, 11444 Olympic Blvd. #96, Los Angeles, Calif. 90064.**

MUSIC

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

SERVICES

BOOK PRINTING—Paperbacks, hardcover, pamphlets. As few as 200 copies. Quality printing at Budget Prices. Free details. **Box 285N, Floral Park, N. Y. 11001.**

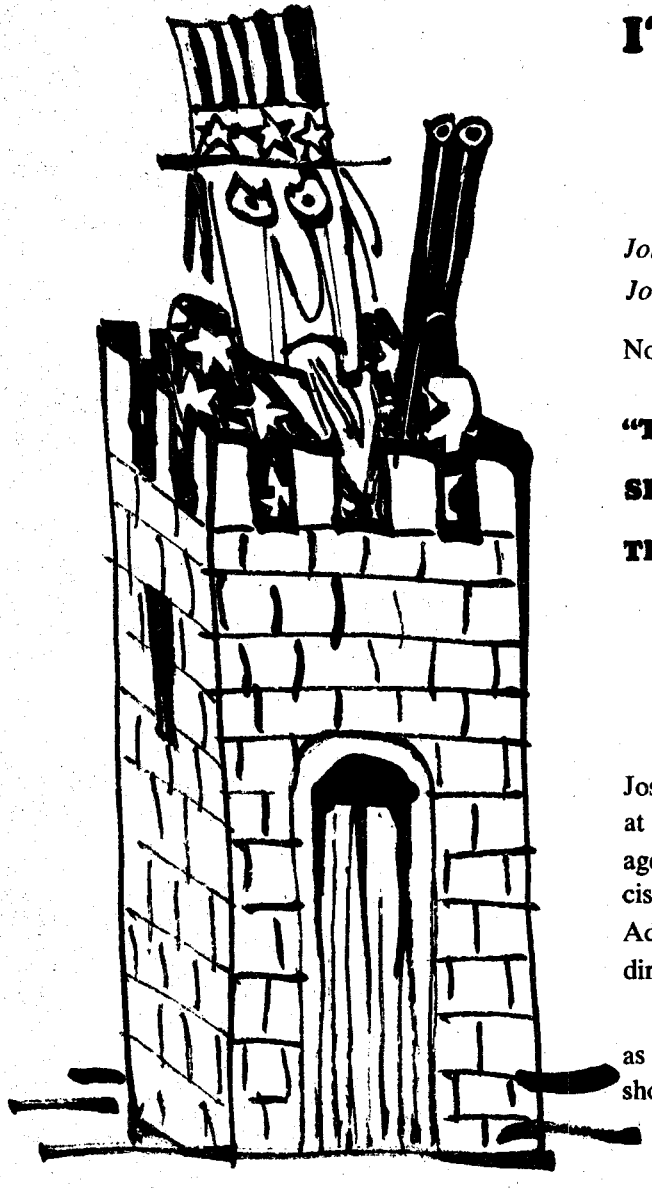
MOVING can be pleasant. Call **LAKETON VANS.** Licensed, insured, reliable. Low Rates. **(212) 872-5092.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

ADVERTISING RATES
Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'REPRESSION:



IT'S NOT HERE YET, BUT . . . . '

So reads the caption of an article in *The Wall Street Journal* by David C. Anderson, a member of the *Journal*'s editorial page staff.

Not yet, but . . .

"THE *POTENTIAL* FOR TRUE REPRESSION IN AMERICA HAS RISEN TO A TROUBLING LEVEL."

●

In Our Special Issue

The Cops Hit the Jackpot

Joseph C. Goulden presents the first nationwide look at how federal funds are being used by local police agencies. Originally the federal aid program had precise objectives and adequate control, but the Nixon Administration has given it a new emphasis and a new direction.

True repression is not yet, but the potential exists, as this special issue demonstrates—and the brakes should be applied *now*.

Bulk copies of this issue are available.
Please use coupon below.

THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., New York, 10014

Please send me extra copies of the special issue, "The Cops Hit the Jackpot" by Joseph C. Goulden, as indicated:

10 copies $ 3.00	100 copies $20.00
50 copies $12.50	500 copies $87.50

I enclose payment.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....STATE .....ZIP .....

12/7/70

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED